THE

OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

A POEM.

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A

POEM,

By Mr. POLWHELE.

Illum ſi proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis,
Gaudentem patrios findere ſarculo
Agros, Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta ſecet mare.

Hor.

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M DCC XCVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE idea of a character now almoſt extinct in this iſland, gave riſe to the following Poem; in which I conceived the deſign of exhibiting the manners of the laſt century in a country gentleman of family, as contradiſtinguiſhed from thoſe of borough-mongers, merchants and miners.

To this deſign, Cornwall appeared peculiarly favourable; as it not only furniſhed me with one or two primitive eſquires, ſuch as were formerly to be ſeen in almoſt every part of England, but with an abundant ſpawn of the latter deſcription.

On theſe principles, and with theſe views, I proceeded to the conſtruction of the Poem. It would be needleſs to particularize the characters, and improper to anticipate the ſtory, by which I have endeavoured to connect them; though I muſt obſerve, in regard to the manners of the repreſentatives of the Houſe of *Andarton*, that, if at all intereſting, they muſt, at this point of time, produce their proper effect. So great a revolution in the little moralities of life, has lately taken place, that we are anxious to catch a few traits of the laſt age whilſt yet they remain viſible, and to preſerve them, at leaſt, as curioſities.

There are many, indeed, who will "caſt "a longing lingering look" on the hero of expiring chivalry—many, who, not yet able to accommodate themſelves to the reigning opinions, will reverence even the prejudices of their forefathers, as connected with the

" pietas et priſca fides." But let it not be ſuppoſed that I am an advocate for prejudices; though I prefer a SIR HUMPHREY to whom they adhere, to a SIR HARRY HAWTRAP, whoſe mind is equally diſengaged from prejudice and principle.

In delineating or illuſtrating the different characters in the family of *Andarton*, I have introduced a variety of little domeſtic occurrences, and incidents of different ſorts; ſome of which may appear too trifling to deſerve a place in the Poem. But it ſhould be conſidered, that many trivialities (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf), which, from our familiar acquaintance with them, ſeem too contemptible for notice, will wear a very different aſpect hereafter, whilſt they no longer exiſt in common life. If this poem ſhould deſcend to poſterity, they will then excite attention as curious minutiæ—ſuch as the preſent generation obſerving in the

houſehold œconomy of their anceſtors, would regard with pleaſure, or ſuch as a lover of claſſical antiquity would contemplate with the keeneſt delight in the private lives of the Greeks or the Romans. Thoſe few glimpſes of the domeſtic manners of the ancients, which we perceive in the writings of Ariſtophanes, or Plautus, or Aulus Gellius or Pliny, are ſo extremely pleaſing, that we eagerly wiſh for additional light: we regret the want of ſuch particularities as might afford us complete gratification on the ſubject.

With reſpect to thoſe upſtart gentlemen concerned in mining-adventures, or borough chicanery, they were not only neceſſary characters as contraſted with the principal perſonage, but ſeemed to riſe naturally from the ſcene, amidſt the views of Corniſh manners and uſages. Except the repreſentatives of a few old families, the gentry of

Cornwall owe their dignity either to the borough or the mine. The nabob, indeed, reſiding in Cornwall,—hath nothing characteriſtically juſt in it: but his viſit was tranſitory; his object, a borough. In theſe and other inſtances, I have attempted to mark the peculiarities of my native county; whilſt I have been careful in avoiding all obſcurities that might ariſe from local deſcription, or alluſions to particular tranſactions. I have drawn my ſketch, not to preſent the people of Cornwall with a copy of which they beſt can judge, as being beſt acquainted with the original; but to exhibit the features of this people to the philoſopher, wherever ſituated on the face of the globe.

To the machinery which I have thought proper to employ, the ſuperſtitions of Cornwall are, even at this moment, propitious. The guardian genii of ancient houſes,

which I have introduced as the ſuperior ſpirits, and their miniſters the Feri, (Faeries, or *Piſkies*) with all thoſe ſupernatural beings which I have repreſented as the workers of miſchief,

Whether " they haunt from fire or fen,
Or mine or flood, the walks of men,"

ſtill float in the minds of the Corniſh.

The effort to diſcriminate ſuch a diverſity of characters (whether borrowed from real life or popular mythology) muſt neceſſarily have produced a variety in the ſtyle and verſification; whilſt, paſſing from an ornamented diction, to a negligent manner, I have ſometimes attempted the more dignified heroic verſe, and at other times ſported in the lighter ſtrain. Tranſitions from the grave to the gay, from the ſolemn to the familiar, are of great advantage to a poem. One uniform elevation, through a piece of any length, exhauſts attention: and verſe

may be too rich to be long reliſhed: it may "cloy by its deliciouſneſs."

BEFORE I drop my pen, let me repeat, with reference to the deſign of the Poem, that, in the exhibition of ſuch perſonages as SIR HUMPHREY, and ALLAN the hero of the piece, I would by no means wiſh to ſanction prejudice. I repreſent them not as perfect characters, but as poſſeſſing virtues which adorn human nature—ſuch as can never exiſt in the new ſchool of morality.

R. P.

Manaccan-Vicarage, in *Cornwall*,
July 20th, 1797.

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A POEM.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT:

I. *The Guardian Spirits of the Country-Gentleman invoked—The Country-Gentlemen of former Times—of the preſent.*

II. *Deſcription of the Manſion-houſe, ruinous Caſtle, Gateway, &c. of* Andarton—*of the Family reſident at* Andarton, *from the higheſt Antiquity.*

III. *Sir* Humphrey de Andarton, *the preſent Poſſeſſor—his Character—his Wiſhes for a Son—Miſs* Prue *his only Child—by his firſt Wife,* Bridget—*His Eſtates entailed on Miſs* Prue, *in Caſe of no Male Heir—Character of Miſs* Prue—Harriet, *Sir* Humphrey's *ſecond Wife—*Rachel, *his Maiden Siſter—His Domeſtics, grown old in his Service.*

YE guardian ſpirits of the rural ſquire,
Who watch, on trembling wing, the faded fire
That, in a HENRY'S or an EDWARD'S age,
Stream'd o'er the boſom with heroic rage,
When chiefs, diſtinguiſht by their generous birth,
Woo'd in their native groves, tranſmitted worth;
Spirits! unveil the meed of honor, won
By virtues, ſtill deriv'd from ſire to ſon.

In elder days, when each manerial lord
Cheriſh'd, with decent pride, the ſocial board,
Aſſiduous to ſupport his old demeſne,
Where cluſtering hamlets ſpoke no ſullen ſcene;*

* At preſent, it is indeed a ſullen, ſolitary ſcene, that the country preſents to obſervation; particularly ſome parts of Cornwall, which were once extremely pictoreſque, from the great number and variety of villas and hamlets, but which exhibit, at this moment, cottages in ruins, and old family houſes ſcarcely habitable by "*rack-holders*."

The rich, the poor, with brightening eyes ſurvey'd
The pure receſſes of the patriarch-ſhade.
But now, the turbid ſtream of foreign gold *
Hath round each ancient vill its poiſon roll'd,
Laid bare the bowers of privacy and health,
And crept o'er all the land with gradual ſtealth.

Yet, tho' rank opulence, upſprung from trade,
Allure the dazzled throng by ſplendor's aid,
Bid its new liveries pour a yellow blaze,
Or flaſh intenſe vermilion on the gaze,
Tincture its tawdry ſhields o'er all the coach,
And give the ſimple chevron † to reproach;

* Auro turbidus Hermus.—But the tin ſtream-works of Cornwall were nearer in view than the golden ſands of Hermus. The former have literally deſtroyed, in their courſe along the vallies, the moſt luxuriant vegetation, and poiſoned all the fiſh of the rivers.

† Or, as in the firſt MS.

"Blazon, with bordur'd ſhields, the burniſht coach,
"And give the *ſimple ſaltier* to reproach."

The moſt ancient coats of arms were, generally ſpeaking, the moſt ſimple, whether they contained the ſaltier or the chevron, or any other charges. A complication of figures and a profuſion

A ſolitary few, ſtill fond to trace
The fairer deeds that mark'd their quiet race,
Bluſh not to boaſt the hereditary claim,
But own their father's pomp, their proudeſt aim,
Nor heave one wiſh, amid their natal air,
To flaunt a ribbon, or diſplay a ſtar.

WHERE glides the *Fale*, here ſpreading to the ſun,
There veil'd by clifts, or fring'd by coppice dun,
On the hill ſide, of unaſpiring height,
A hoar-patcht manſion boaſts its pleaſant ſite;
Courts to its ſouth-eaſt front the balmy ſky,
Where a trim woodbine-porch attracts the eye;
And, as a Gothic window meets the day,
Reflects, from pictur'd panes, the kindling ray.
There, as the ſun-beams ſport, the armorial glaſs
Hints every morn how beauteous once it was;
When, wide-illum'd, ere Agincourt's proud days,
O'er the long hall it threw the heraldric blaze.

fuſion of embelliſhment are often obſervable in aſſumptive arms.

Soft from the porch a path, with eaſy flow,
Steals down the ſlope, to kiſs the bank below,
Where gentle *Fale* the greenſod loves to lave,
Or curls thro' breathing tufts its amorous wave;
While the tower pinnacles, for ages grey,
Frown o'er the church thro' many an elmy ſpray,
Yet, as they riſe to grace their feſtive ſaint,*
Suggeſt to bookworms curious legends quaint;
While from the curate's thatch and whiten'd walls
Acroſs the ſilent ſtream the ſhadow falls.

On grounds above the manſion-ſite, we mark
A roofleſs caſtle crumbling o'er the park:
Its ivy-curtain to the zephyr heaves,
As mountain-aſhes dance their airy leaves,
And, ere their vermeil berries they unfold,
Feſtoon the embattled walls with wreaths of gold.
While oaks, coeval, ſpread their branches here,
The towers of old *Andarton*† claim a tear!

* Alluding to the pariſh-feaſts of Cornwall, which are held on the days of the dedication of the churches to their patron-ſaints, and accompanied with the ringing of bells, &c.

† *Andarton*, in Corniſh, the *Oak-Hill*.

Lo! as aſſail'd by CHARLES's murderous foes,
In firm defiance ſtill the rampires roſe!
Lo! ſtern amid the ſtorm the caſtle ſtood,
To drink, at all its loopholes, rebel blood,
Till, entering every breach to cruſh a hoſt
Beneath the fragments, was its haughty boaſt!

Rais'd from the caſtle-ſtone, the manſion owes
To the fall'n fabric its columnar rows
Fantaſtic, once in beauteous order light,
Its roof plain-vaulted, once with fretwork dight,
It's doorway's pointleſs arches, and its panes
Yet dimly tinctur'd with armorial ſtains;
Whilſt her fond antiquaries Fancy wafts
From wreathed windows high to cluſtering ſhafts,
Midſt all the tracery which adorns a dome
That frowns, ſuperbly rich, in Gothic gloom.

Beyond the ruin, rock'd by every gale,
A gateway ſeems its ſolitude to wail,
As, in unbroken grandeur wild and lone,
Its turrets to the mouldering caſtle moan;

Whence a dark avenue, by time embrown'd,
With its diffuſive umbrage ſweeps the ground,
O'er many an acre ſtalks with giant march,
And thro' its long, long floating pomp of arch,
Guides, in fair perſpective, the pleaſur'd eye
To poppied cornfields redd'ning to the ſky;
To vallies blooming midſt their orchard ſhade,
Or where tall hops their pendent bloſſoms braid;
To little hills, where each diminiſht ſpire
Points thro' pale clouds the enthuſiaſt's riſing fire;
To fleeting catches of romantic *Fale*,
Whoſe windings glimmer from the duſky dale;
And to the aërial azure that inveſts
The ſoften'd whiteneſs of the clifts, and reſts
A deep'ning haze, on two umbrageous knolls
Between whoſe parted gloom the billow rolls.

Far branching from the loftier avenue,
A woodwalk, roof'd with laurel, leads the view,
As roſes bluſh, and purpling lilacs ſwell,
And jaſmines twinkle, to a cottag'd dell;

Where, to the left, a wood its foliage flings,
And little ſpaces gleam with faery rings,
Thro' the ſmooth ſtems of limes or beeches ſeen,
To lure the fancy to their ſofter green.

Meantime, the manſion rears no feeble roof
On moorſtone from the ruin, maſſy-proof;
While, ſtretcht along the weſtern wing, its hall
Wooes a dim cheſnut to the pannell'd wall,
Bids the broad foliage o'er the wainſcot play,
And weave its quiv'ring ſhades with purple day.
Here muſkets gleam in many a ſteely row,
With bayonets and piſtols rang'd below;
Swords that of human blood ne'er knew the guilt,
And hangers glittering from each ſilver hilt—
How valueleſs, amid the veteran fame
Of armour that ſuperior pannels claim;
Vizors high burniſht once, as glory play'd
Around the leaders of the wild cruſade;
The ruſted cuiraſs, and the dinted ſhield;
Bows that perhaps were bent on *Creſſy*'s field;

Hauberks that claſp'd, where furies urg'd their work,
Lancaſtrian heroes, or the chiefs of *York*;
And targets, cruſted deep with ſanguine ſcales;
And ſable caſques, that ſigh to rifted mails;
While, colourleſs, above the duſky door,
A banner ſheds its argent rays no more.

And not the hall alone, array'd with arms,
Of other times renew'd the heroic charms.
Glimmer'd above the hall, "the golden room,"
Where mantled in the dance the virgin's bloom;
While a long gallery, on its eaſtern ſide,
Projected picture-ſhadows, far and wide;
And, deckt with all the venerable throng
That once amid the proſtrate caſtle hung,
And with a portrait of the caſtle-dome
Adorn'd, ſtill ſerv'd to foſter thro' the gloom
Which gathers o'er an ancient houſe decay'd,
The pride of worthies wedded to the ſhade.

But tho' the gallery, fill'd with portraits hoar,
Preſerve the features of the ſons of yore,

The court, ſet off with relics of the chace,
Shews in their genuine light, the heroic race;
While many a badger's ſnout, on clogs of wood,
Betrays ſome NIMROD ſtain'd with beſtial blood;
While many a fox's tail and fox's noſe
Proclaim the bitter fate of crafty foes,
And the deer's ſpreading honors rouſe again
Shrill echo to the triumphs of the plain.

Yet were the kennel-folks a crazy cry:
One limping, mourn'd a leg, and one, an eye.
His lumbering body Trumbuſh ſcarcely drags;
And Blanch no more her tail for pleaſure wags;
And Frolic, all extinct the fires of youth,
Drops from his carious jaws the frequent tooth;
And Mendal, midſt the ſcent, no longer glows,
But faulters, all alone, with erring noſe;
And Bounce, by whom the merry dales have rung,
Hangs the ſick head, and moans with feeble tongue;
And buxom Daiſy, from the froſt of years
Grey as the raven of the porch appears—

Hoar as the ſtag, that treads, in lonely ſtate,
The deerleſs park, and bends beneath the weight
Of antlers, yet with all his wonted pride
Surveys them tremulous in the glaſſy tide.

So ſtands the dome; ſcreen'd ſafely from the north
By elms that pour the ſocial murmur forth;
As, ſtaggering from their neſt, with ſhort eſſay,
Weak rooklings catch, and, clinging, claw the ſpray,
Or, as their parents, ready to depart,
Repair the fabric with ſagacious art.*
And, at ſmall diſtance from the town of *trees*, †
Gleams a broad pond, and dimples to the breeze;
The wholeſome creſſes on its border feeds,
And hides it's wanton carp with ſhading reeds.

* That the old rooks (juſt before their departure to the woods in October) are employed in examining and repairing their neſts, againſt the next breeding ſeaſon, is a fact; though I believe this remarkable inſtance of their ſagacity has not been noticed by any writer of natural hiſtory.

† Or the *Town-Place*, as it is called in *Cornwall*.

Amid theſe grounds, a race of ſpotleſs name,
Not trump'd by glory, or unknown to fame,
Their rural lives in calm ſucceſſion paſt;
And ſaw good days, and peaceful breath'd their laſt.
Not that each worthy, tho' unſtain'd by crimes,
Eſcap'd the modiſh errors of the times:
Yet, each deſcending to his father's vault,
His ſin was ſoften'd to a trivial fault.

Ere o'er the land his ſpear the *Norman* ſhook,
Thoſe honeſt gentry held this little nook:
Nay, as an old memorial ſays or ſings,
They liv'd coeval with the *Corniſh* kings;
And might have claim'd, perhaps, without a ſuit,
A holding here before the days of BRUTE.

That, her High Chamberlain, the bearded HUGH
Serv'd Queen MATILDA, is as goſpel true:
That, once, at HENRY's court, the ſly Sir WATT
Was WOLSEY's friend, allur'd by WOLSEY's hat,

Yet, when the Cardinal diſpurpled fell,
Stole to theſe ſhades, the *Church-Town** ſtories tell;
And that, in bigot MARY's reign, the ſhire
Sir EDMUND ſerv'd, as Knight, is paſſing clear.
But none had ſcorn'd the endearing ſweets of home,
Or roam'd to diſtant ſhores, or wiſh'd to roam;
Save that young RALPH, illuſtrious in the fight,
At *Salem*'s glittering towers, a red-croſs Knight,
Had the proud creſcent from the rampires torn,
And ſtern o'er hills of ſlain the trophy borne.

Yet, not the clarion's blaſt they vainly heard,
If War's wild arm his crimſon banners rear'd:
Yet, as traditionary tales avouch,
If Honor bade them their keen lances couch,
They brav'd the battle, or endur'd the ſiege,
And gain'd the applauſes of their gracious Liege;
When, anxious to relax the ſoldier's toils,
They deck'd, perchance, their hall with *Gallic* ſpoils.

* The village near a church is ſo called, in Cornwall.

'Twas thus their generations paſs'd: nor heir
Was ever wanting to a parent's prayer—
When, ah! the fateful ſtar of CHARLES aroſe,
To many a family portending woes;
When now reduc'd by CROMWELL's daring hoſt,
Sir RICHARD ſaw the royal ſtandard loſt;
And mourn'd, of half his heritage bereft,
His ſhatter'd caſtle, one wide ruin left.

Yet, when fraternal Strife its ſword had ſheath'd,
And, from its wounds reſpiring, peace bequeath'd
To the vext iſle, *Andarton*'s chiefs, once more,
With placid ſmile ſurvey'd their woodlands hoar;
Hail'd from their humbler porch the dappled dawn,
The orient gold that ſtream'd acroſs the lawn;
View'd, from their new-rear'd hall, the ſun go down;
Quaff'd home-brew'd ale, and talk'd of old renown!

Yes! happy ſtill their home-brew'd ale to quaff,
(Spite of the exotic proweſs of Sir RALPH)
A train of honeſt Knights and honeſt Squires
Were laid in quiet ſlumber with their ſires;

When every villager aſpir'd to hail
Sir HUMPHREY, lord of all the tranquil vale—
O! not leſs meriting his fathers praiſe,
Tho' "fall'n on evil tongues and evil days!"

THO' now, alas! arriv'd at ſixty-one,
Yet was the Knight ungifted with a ſon:
Still for a ſon he breath'd the fervent prayer;
But all his ardors were diſpers'd in air.

Twice in the roſeate chain of Hymen linkt,
Love on the gentle captive archly wink'd,
As to a ſecond charmer he reſign'd,
In dreams of ſweet oblivion, all his mind.

Yet oft his BRIDGET, nipt in early bloom,
His grief ſtill follow'd to the untimely tomb.
"Not that the memory of our opening years,
"Which the firſt vows of two young hearts endears,
"And, tho' a cloud of ills hereafter riſe,
"Yet conſecrates that harmony of ſighs,

" Could for her wedded jealouſies atone,
" For fears that nuptial love diſdains to own—
" Could o'er her petulance diffuſe a veil,
" Her truſting folly, that would tell the tale
" Of fancied wrongs, of viſionary woes,
" Alike to ſighing friends or ſneering foes;
" And, prompt her huſband's ſecrets to impart,
" Claim all the credit of an open heart."
Such were the feelings of Sir HUMPHREY's breaſt—
The ſentiments his tongue but half expreſs'd.
" And why lament her loſs; while, far aloof,
" While, hovering at due diſtance from my roof,
" At beſt with cold civility I treat
" Her friends that once annoy'd my peaceful ſeat?—
" That pallid ſiſter, who now mocks the ſkies,
" Lifting the whites of two grey-gogling eyes;
" Oft as ſhe bluſters in blank verſe from Young,
" And with Lorenzo ſwells her tragic tongue,
" But now, her fiſts in anger prompt to clench,
" Dwindles, heigh Preſto! to an oyſter-wench;
" Tho' ſtor'd with Billingſgate-abuſe, affects
" The gentler, finer feelings of her ſex,

" Shudders at kiſſing, ogling, and all that,
" But, panting for a man, ſtill hugs her cat;—
" That meagre brother, an air dancing prig,
" Like JENNY JERKAIRS, in heroics big
" If at the ſeſſions he hath gain'd a cauſe
" By the ſmart action of his lanthorn jaws,
" But, on a ſudden, how ſubmiſs and mute
" If his noſe ſuffer in ſome ſharp diſpute;
" Who, though each hour a ſad conſumptive cough
" Threaten to carry the poor caitiff off,
" And hollow cheeks betray the hectic fluſh,
" Cajoles his client, with no deep'ning bluſh,
" And while the crowd he ſcruples not to cheat,
" His law delivers gratis, to the great,
" Suits every ſimper to a rich man's ſmile,
" And ſmoothes his tongue with adulation's oil!—
" But, if *I* chanc'd to touch ſome legal point,
" Not thus his tongue for me would NED anoint.
" To me, in truth, ſo vaſt were NED's regards,
" That if by accident, at tea, or cards,
" I hinted my opinion on a caſe,
" He quick *advis'd* me, with a friendly face;

" But (unſuſpecting I, a witleſs clown!)
" Strait for advice ſet ſix and eight pence down!
" Tho' now my brother, or at whiſt or tea,
" No longer dares manœuvre for a fee,
" Yet NED ſalutes me with his wonted ſmirk,
" On juſtice-days, ſtill buſy as my clerk."

Thus would the Knight his youthful day-dreams weave,
Warm as the colors of a vernal eve;
Yet, ſtealing from the ſhadowy view too faſt,
Like thoſe aërial colors ſoon o'erpaſt!—
Thus, paint his loves when life was in it's prime,
Then mourn the tints of fancy, chas'd by time;
O'er hope's delightful viſions fondly brood,
And wake to real ills in fretful mood;
From choler ſnatching a ſatiric ſpice,
Touch many a folly, many a modiſh vice;
Give freakiſh affectation a fly wipe,
Then ſmile, or ſigh, or muſing puff his pipe!
But, in each humour, ſtill his wiſh would run,
" O may kind Heaven indulge me with a ſon!"

One girl was his, juſt verging on eighteen—
O well might he prefer that prayer, I ween!
A preſent from his firſt-devoted wife,
The girl might ſoothe, indeed, the cares of life,
If, haply, formal pride and ſullen airs,
And flippancies, of life relieve the cares.
Yes! while ſhe deem'd formality a grace,
She triumph'd in the ſcowl that arm'd her face;
And ſuited to her petrifying frown
The pucker'd ſtarchneſs of her morning gown.
E'en when a child, ſhe ſwell'd with redd'ning eye,
If but her cap or bib were pinn'd awry;
While ſulkineſs would every ſigh abſorb,
And check the ſtarting tear in either orb.
Tutor'd amidſt a modiſh ſchool, whoſe boaſt
Was to amuſe conceited heads, at moſt,
And not one ſalutary truth impart,
Such as informs the mind, or mends the heart;
Miſs, with a hatred for her home, came down,
And term'd each rural ſquire a booby clown!
Averſe to all the fine creations chaſte,
That with perennial pleaſures cheriſh taſte,

Thoſe arts might vainly her attention court,
Which charm in Picture, or in Sound tranſport!

Attacht to things that Miſſes deem outré,
A ſhrub imported from the Southern Sea,
No matter what—a Tranſatlantic weed,
Or any creature not of Britiſh breed,
She, by her ſire's indulgence, prompt to grant
Her wiſhes, purchas'd many a curious plant;
While with Bologna's lapdog ſoft ſupplied,
Her ſoul, unſated, for a monkey ſigh'd;
And, with the prating of a parrot bleſt,
The paroquet her longing hopes careſt!
All wonder'd at the girl's wild hobby-horſe;
Nor look'd for better things, but augur'd worſe.

From taſte in reading ſtill ſhe wander'd wide,
Follow'd the laws of faſhion, her ſole guide;
With thoughts * that petrify, and words that freeze,
Turn'd o'er a page, and talk'd of Eloiſe;

* "Scatters from her pictur'd urn
"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."
GRAY.

And ſaid, that Engliſh writers of romance
Stole every touching grace from genial France.

Of France, indeed, enamour'd, ſhe reſign'd
To one ſole favorite of the human kind,
A maid from Caen imported, every care;
(Unleſs a ſchool-creole might claim a ſhare)
As with the choiceſt Gallic tropes ſhe ſtrung,
In converſe with the chattering girl, her tongue;
For genuine wit receiv'd each flippant jeſt,
While dear ANNETTE herſelf or Tripſey dreſt;
And, from the vulgar Engliſh herd withdrawn,
Enjoy'd the native eloquence of Caen.

Yet, if the Knight begat no iſſue male,
His whole inheritance was hers in tail.

But, fond to give his heritage ſome chance,
Or won (as ſome ſuſpect) by beauty's glance,
He kneel'd* to HARRIET, ere nine moons were paſt
Since his firſt wife, his BRIDGET, breath'd her laſt.

* Such was the old-faſhioned mode of courtſhip: but now-a days, I believe, there are few *kneeling* lovers!

And well, ye Muſes! might a form ſo fair,
Thoſe eaſy geſtures, and that modeſt air—
The harmonies of elegance and love,
The pliant boſom of Sir HUMPHREY move;
While o'er her ſweet, her prepoſſeſſing face,
The ſhadowy eyelaſh caſt a penſive grace;
While all the worth that feeling—ſenſe ſupplies,
Play'd in divine ſucceſſion from her eyes.
There, mild complacence held it's ſober ſeat;
There, gentleneſs illum'd it's lov'd retreat;
There Prudence ſat, and, e'er deciding right,
Reflected on calm thought a ſteady light.
Now quick intelligence, in many a blaze,
From thoſe bright orbs elicited it's rays!
Now, in a ſweet tranſition, would appear
Pity! the trembling luſtre of thy tear!
Yet never could the admiring gaze excite
In that pure breaſt one flutter of delight,
While with thoſe charms humility combin'd,
To crown the beauteous triumph of the mind.

But, oft, ſuch virtues, as in lovely light
They riſe, in contraſt with demoniac ſpite,
Tho' Fancy bid them brighten thro' the gloom,
Draw Envy's venom'd breath, to blaſt their bloom.
" Shall you (the girl once cried, with looſen'd rage)
" Whoſe arts have won my father's doating age,
" Who, ere my hapleſs mother had been dead
" For nine ſhort months, approach'd the widow'd " bed;
" Shall you aſſume the houſewife's ſerious taſk,
" And duties that a long experience aſk?
" Shall you, who know not what the faſhions mean,
" Direct, in dreſs, a lady of eighteen?"
Yet gentle HARRIET of the houſehold-care
Bore, with becoming grace, a trivial ſhare;
And ſeldom to Miſs PRUE, tho' all confeſs
Its ſtudied ſtiffneſs, dropp'd a hint of dreſs.

Meanwhile, a maiden ſiſter of the Knight,
Perverſe, but rarely gloom'd by ſpleen or ſpite,

Who from *Andarton*'s ſmoke * had never ſtray'd,
The domicile with high dominion ſway'd.
In BRIDGET's time, a little ſour'd, 'tis true,
Her ſtraiten'd empire ſhe had cauſe to rue;
And, now that the good † Knight once more was wiv'd,
From HARRIET's meekneſs all her power deriv'd.

RACHEL, in truth, a notable old dame,
To thriftineſs preferr'd the proudeſt claim;
Whether ſhe lin'd her paſties, to aſſuage
Of all her farming-folks the hungry rage,
With not an ounce of bacon, ſome aver,
But never ſpar'd, it ſeems, the *pomme de terre;*

* Ο παλριδος ΚΑΠΝΟΣ λαμπρολερος, &c. &c.

† "The *good* Knight," occurs, perhaps, as often in this Poem, as "*Pius* Æneas," in the Æneid. But thoſe who deem a ſecond marriage "a ſort of legalized adultery" (as it hath been quaintly termed), will object to the epithet "*good*" in this place—referring the author to "Speluncam Dido, *Dux et Trojanus*"—where Virgil had more judgment, it ſeems, than to call his hero "*pius*."

Or, of her menial train, contriv'd to ſtaunch
With leek-ſtufft broth each ſtomach for the haunch;
Or, (as œconomiſts it well behoves
With ſtrict attention to regard their loaves)
Indulg'd her houſehold with a dainty treat—
Sweet barley-meal proportion'd to their wheat;
Or, all experiments reſolv'd to try,
Mix'd with her wheaten flour the moiſter rye;
Or, (if the Premier's ſpeech my muſe may quote)
Mingled in due degree ſalubrious oat;
Or whether once, with ſkill unknown before,
She rais'd of yeaſt ſo plentiful a ſtore,
As paid for all her ale and table beer,
The coſts of brewing, and a ſhilling clear,
So that her fame around the county flew,
And every Corniſh hut began to brew;
Whether long vigils ſhe was wont to watch,
Her moonſhine at the ghoſtly hour to catch,
Or trick'd the government, ſtill keen and arch,
By the nice conduct of potatoe-ſtarch;
Or, ſtill to cloſe œconomy a friend,
Each night collected every candle-end.

" In times ſo hard * (ſhe cried) 'twould ill become
" The miſtreſs of a houſe to ſlight a crumb—"
Tho' few, indeed, like her had fed the poor,
Or heal'd the ſick that faulter'd at her door.

But, in her charities good RACHEL, ſtill,
Diſcover'd to the world her wondrous ſkill;
While, as her balms reſtor'd each drooping ſenſe,
She rais'd her credit, and yet ſav'd her pence.
With her what nymph could vie, ye hamlets! ſay,
In treacle-poſſet, or in cyder-whey?
O tell what dame with RACHEL could compare
Her poppy-ſyrops, or her maidenhair?
Madam's alone, tho' fine and bright, yet thick,
Mixt with her cordial-water, cur'd the ſick!
And who a mean compariſon would draw,
And ſay, that RACHEL's water beat the Spa?
But, in her diet-drinks, to cure the evil,
They ſwore ſhe was an angel, or a devil.

* No matter what the times in *reality* were: to the penurious the times are always *hard!*

Still, ſhe poſſeſs'd in med'cine an unique,
Whoſe praiſe, in terms appropriate, who can ſpeak?
Say, can the Nine exalt in worthy ſtrains
One "precious balm,"* that chas'd rheumatic pains?
But hear, (nor ſtare with wonder, like a dolt)
That balm ſo precious, was—"boil'd thunderbolt!"
Yes! in the lymph diſſolv'd, or what you pleaſe,
'Twas the "boil'd thunderbolt" gave inſtant eaſe!†

* "Let not their "precious balms" break my head."—*Pſalms.*

† I own, I was *thunderſtruck* at the report of this ſingular inſtance of ſuperſtition, and ſuſpended my belief of its exiſtence, till I was at length convinced by the teſtimony of my ſenſes. The old lady, who poſſeſſes this miraculous thunderbolt, lives, at this moment, in the pariſh of *St. Keverne*, adjoining to *Manaccan*. She informed me that it was found, many years ago, at no great diſtance from her houſe, juſt after a thunder-ſtorm, half buried in the ground, and was taken up hot and ſmoking; and that its virtue was accidentally diſcovered by one of the family, "who loſt the rheumatiſm" merely by handling it. On aſking her what was her method of applying her thunderbolt to her patients, her anſwer was, that "*She boil'd 'en* for about three hours, and gave the water to her patients, with directions to bathe the part affected; and that ſhe had cured hundreds.—"Boil'd dunderbolt was a vine thing for the rheumatis," ſaid an old man preſent.—It is a perfect celt.

In ſhort ſuch powers in med'cine ſhe diſplay'd,
The apothecaries rued their ſinking trade;
And, as their ſhoulders they began to ſhrug,
Sung the ſoft requiem o'er each gentle drug;
Bidding, amidſt the doleful lullaby,
Light on its gallipot the cobweb lie.

Nor had the web, faſt-gathering, lain ſo light,
Had not the lady, a rank Jacobite,
Diſpens'd her favors, nor to crones or carles,
Unleſs they ſympathiz'd with wandering CHARLES.

Of all the ſins that ſue to be forgiven,
Imploring mercy from relenting Heaven,
She rated fornication far the worſt,
A ſin ſhe judg'd unnat'ral and accurſt:
Yet would ſhe pity, of her wrath beguil'd,
The poor frail Jacobite who prov'd with child.
If, melting over the Pretender's fate,
The girl appear'd to mourn his exil'd ſtate,
With ſighs—perhaps with tears—reſerv'd in ſtore;
Tho' but a dirty trollop juſt before,

A wench that ſhould be whipt at the cart's tail;
Lo! RACHEL fought her battles, tooth and nail.

Sir HUMPHREY could, himſelf, but ill diſcard
To the fall'n Prince the family-regard:
And, if he warmly had eſpous'd a cauſe,
Her brother's notions were, to RACHEL, laws.
With him in each opinion ſhe concurr'd,
And bow'd obeiſance as he ſpoke the word;
And, as ſhe ſaw "no rival near the throne,"
With juſt diſcernment deem'd his cares her own.
If ever to her parent PRUE were pert,
She bade her hold her tongue, a ſaucy flirt!
And, ere her teens commenc'd, would threſh the minx;
Tho' Fame the value of the exertion ſinks,
And ſays, ſome feelings that in ſecret lurk'd—
Some perſonal affront the vengeance work'd.

Yet, as on HARRIET Miſs was wont to dart
Such looks as ſhew'd the malice of her heart,

For HARRIET arm'd, the dame would interpoſe,
Ere into wordy tempeſt paſſion roſe.

Not but ſhe ſcrew'd her viſage up, at firſt,
And look'd with lips, 'tis rumour'd, ſomewhat purſt,
When brother own'd, again by Cupid ſmit,
That his teeth water'd for a freſh tit-bit.
" La, brother—do abſtain—for, ſure, you can—
" See, I have rubb'd thro' life without a man.
" But in her ſighs you read, perhaps, aſſent,
" When others might perceive averſion meant.
" For ſcarcely can I think, ſo fair a maid
" Will hide her beauties in this ancient ſhade,
" And, flatter'd as ſhe is by every beau,
" Reſign the world to tend a gouty toe;
" Give up, as at her feet gay fellows crouch,
" Her trinkets for an old man's 'bacco-pouch;
" And, ſince you ſtill aſſert, no damſel's art
" Shall you and your old arras-chamber part,
" Her toilette yield, with billet-doux o'erſpread,
" To ghoſtly grandſires and a ſpangled bed!"

Yet, maugre gout that rack'd the ſwelling joint,
The Knight had ſettled each important point;
Had in his treaty barr'd new-fangled things,
Tho' not averſe to matrimonial rings;
Nor ſlighted, tho' reſolv'd, it ſeems, to wed,
His ghoſtly grandſires, or his ſpangled bed.
Thus powerleſs to prevent the impending ill,
Poor RACHEL groan'd ſubmiſſion to his will.

Yet often with a ſhrewd or myſtic look,
Amid her houſehold train her head ſhe ſhook;
When their firſt miſtreſs, hurried to the tomb
They mourn'd, and ſhudder'd at the haunted room.
" 'Tis now five years, and coming ſix, (they cried)
" Since laſt we ſaw the room where miſtreſs died:
" And, ſure we are, that chamber, every night,
" Is ſadly troubled by ſome wandering ſprite!
" Such noiſes oft we hear, ſuch hideous moans—
" Our fleſh ſeems ready to forſake our bones!
" Heaven grant no miſchief may befall our lord,
" But untold bleſſings croud his bed and board!"

And warm their wiſhes! In his houſe grown old,
Their's was the faithful heart unbrib'd by gold!
The merry butler was alert to tell
(A pariſh-prentice,* he remember'd well)
" How for young maſter HUMPHREY, who was
" born,
" Beneath ſome lucky ſtar, on Twelfth-day morn,
" While round the roaſt they all were drencht with
" ſack,
" The great gold chain † hung glittering to the jack!
" And 'twas the ſelf-ſame chain (he ſtoutly ſwore)
" The Judge's lady in the gallery wore.

* It is uſual in *Cornwall* to bind out the children of poor people to farmers, as apprentices in huſbandry. Though not peculiar to the weſtern counties, this is, certainly, not a general practice throughout the iſland.

† In the "*Ode written in a Picture-Gallery*," occurs the following ſtanza:

" What tho' in ermin'd dignity I view
" Glanville's venerable form?
" No more with life's expreſſive ſemblance warm,
" Lo, he wears a clay-cold hue!

" And who (he thought) on ſuch a day, would
" grudge
" The fineſt chain tranſmitted from a Judge?
" O could he live to ſee that golden chain
" Hang glittering from the jack, yet once again!"
The groom, his head beſprent with ſilver-grey,
Wiſh'd, with arch looks, for ſuch another day:
The ſimple hind petition'd from the heart,
That maſter yet might play a vigorous part;
And AVICE, bending now beneath fourſcore,
Half ſmiling, nodded to the wags encore!
Alas, poor AVICE! tremulouſly weak,
Who with a palſied tongue eſſay'd to ſpeak

" Pale his conſort's gorgeous train:
" Scarce glimmer the faint honors of her chain,
" Tho' but erſt the ponderous gold
" Flung its reſplendent light acroſs each fluid fold."

See " Devon and Corniſh Poets," Vol. II. p. 17.

The gold-chain (repreſented in the picture) was formerly uſed, in a certain *Corniſh* family, in the manner above-mentioned, at the chriſtening of every ſon and heir.

Her honeſt feelings, as ſhe told with glee,
How ſhe had dandled oft the knight upon her knee!
Poor AVICE! who once dar'd, indeed, to chide
Miſs PRUE's increaſing petulance and pride;
Yet now, perhaps, preſuming to beſeech
The girl, with all humility of ſpeech,
To check her ſullens, was with ſcorn repaid—
Nay, by the blackneſs of her ſcowl diſmay'd,
Not for a world would venture Miſs to meet,
If aught befel the plants or paroquet!

And, if a ſtraggling tale for once be true,
Such was the infernal boſom of Miſs PRUE,
That each dumb creature from her tainted track,
Inſpir'd with fear or ſorrow, ſtarted back!
Witneſs the Knight's roan horſe, whoſe clouded eye
Was quick averted, as the girl paſs'd by,
And, as if lightning ſtream'd her way to ſcath,
Shunn'd, from a ſtrange antipathy, the path!
Witneſs the watch-dog, from her looks who leap'd,
In phyſiognomy a fam'd adept;

And the hoar ſtag that once, as Miſs drew near,
In pity to her parents dropp'd a tear;
And the porch-raven, that ſo oft provok'd
Her fierce reſentment, as he rudely croak'd.
E'en her own favourites from her preſence ſhrunk,
As faſt their gameſome hearts in terror ſunk.
Her parrot, long accuſtom'd to her rage,
Check'd his glib tongue, as PRUE approach'd the cage,
And clung, as conſcious of her keen reſearch,
In quivering apprehenſion, to his perch.
Tho' from her hand alone expecting food,
Her lap-dog fear'd her, in her fondeſt mood;
And crouch'd, and wagg'd its tail, and crouch'd again,
And oft with aſking eye look'd up in vain;
While, ſudden, to the ſpot her monkey pinn'd,
Stopp'd his mid-leap, and trembled as he grinn'd;
Tho', as ſhe turn'd her back, he ſtole her ſtoop,
Caught her prim gait, and mimick'd a bell-hoop!

But tho' her humour ſeldom AVICE hit,
Yet AVICE pardon'd every ſulky fit;

Each prayer with wiſhes for her welfare clos'd;
And, as a little brother (ſhe ſuppos'd)
Might from the ſuds relieve the vapouriſh maid,
Unceaſing, for a little brother pray'd.
" Alas! (ſhe cried) on this poor feeble knee,
" My maſter have I dandled oft with glee—
" O! in a ſon (ſhe utter'd with a ſigh)
" His image may I dandle, ere I die!"

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

A POEM.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

I. *The Guardian Genius of the Houſe of* Andarton *convening the inferior Spirits—apprehenſive of ſome impending evil—aſſigning to the Feri their different Stations in the Protection of the Family, &c. &c.*

II. *View of Sir* HUMPHREY'S private *Life—in his ordinary Mode of ſpending the Day, his Walk before Breakfaſt—*RACHEL*—The Family at Breakfaſt—Sir* HUMPHREY'S *Employments in the Courſe of the Morning—*RACHEL'S *Occupations—*HARRIET'S*—Miſs* PRUE'S*—*ANNETTE, *Miſs* PRUE'S *Maid—The Family at Dinner—Sir* HUMPHREY'S *ſporting Days—His Hunting—His Companions in the Field—Supper, &c. &c.—Feaſt-Days—Harveſt-Home—Meeting of the Tenants—Anniverſary of a Fox-Chace—Chriſtmas-Eve—Chriſtmas-Day—Deſcription of a Pariſh-Feaſt on that Day—New-Year's-Day—Twelfth-Day, on which Sir* HUMPHREY *was born—View of Sir* HUMPHREY, *&c. in* public*—At Church—*HERBERT *the Curate—Sir* HUMPHREY *as a Juſtice of the Peace—At the Seſſions.*

III. HARRIET'S *Pregnancy—Birth of a Son,* ALLAN-DE-ANDARTON.

SUCH was the houſehold of *Andarton-Grove*,
A patriarchal tent, ſuſtain'd by love,
Where all (but one) delighted to impart
The bliſs that ſprings from harmony of heart;
When now, the ſpirit, who with guardian ſway
Had watch'd *Andarton* from its earlieſt day,
Glanc'd thro' the glimmering park at fall of eve,
And, as the duſkier wood began to heave
With univerſal tremor, ſought the roof
Of a fair oak, whoſe leaves were knit, ſtar-proof—
An oak whoſe acorn in the genial earth
Sir HUMPHREY's father, at his infant's birth,
Had duly ſet, and round it ſmooth'd the green,
And trimm'd the neighbour trees, an ambient ſcreen.
There, as beneath its arborous boughs he ſtood,
He ſmil'd upon the pride of all the wood.

The genius mus'd; while, towering on his head,
A helm appear'd, with Paynim carnage red,
Whence the grav'd image of a blackmore gleam'd,
And on his veſt the ſilver creſcent beam'd.
Sudden his potent wand he wav'd around,
And fleeting ſhadows bruſh'd the chequer'd ground;
And from the creſcent, tremulouſly bright,
His robe, more luſtrous, ſhot an argent light;
When, gathering in aërial ſquadrons, ſhone
The inferior ſpirits, that his empire own—
The *Feri*, who had lent their magic aid,
Thro' ages, to protect *Andarton*'s ſhade.

" Ye, who with many a hyacinthine bell,
" With many a tulip, bid your couches ſwell;
" Or on the wall-flower, or the bruiſed pink,
" In gentle ſlumber from the ſunbeam ſink;
" And oft delight, till evening's purple cloſe,
" On the warm ſouthern hillſide to repoſe,
" Attend: and, for a while, your paſtimes leave,
" Where Oberon loves the ſhadowy dance to weave;

" Where, by the brook, in yon deep wood, afar,
" I ſaw him gambol to the evening ſtar.
" For, tho' to ſome the taſk was erſt aſſign'd
" To print the circle to your maſter's mind,
" And, ſtealing from the glade the balmieſt dew,
" Deck the ſoft ring with pearls of orient hue,
" Hang with bright gems the leaves along the copſe,
" And breathe pure incenſe thro' the trembling
" drops—
" To others, to ward off the glooming owl,
" And keep at diſtance every luckleſs fowl,
" Bid in his ſombrous hole the lizard lie,
" Nor crawling hedgehog raiſe his briſtles nigh,
" Nor hiſſing ſnake pollute the ſacred place,
" Nor the cold ſnail its ſlimy progreſs trace,
" Nor beetles hum, nor ſpiders ply, aloof,
" Perplexing the green boughs, their filmed woof;
" Tho' thus 'tis yours from Oberon's nightly ſport
" Each trivial ill, gay-fluttering, to avert—
" Alas! not ſoon to range the woods at large,
" Behold, in this hoar grove, a weightier charge!

" And, O! my Feri, with peculiar care
" Your different offices be yours to ſhare.

" And firſt, ye Fayes, by whom that ancient
" wood,
" By whom, firm-rooted, thoſe ſtout oaks have
" ſtood,
" To whom theſe beeches owe their circling ſhade,
" By whom thoſe elms, rich-tufted, are array'd;
" To you, ye Fayes, the important cares belong
" To guard the parent-trees, to rear the young.
" Ere wakes their foliage to the morning breeze,
" Be yours to number all theſe precious trees,
" Protect each ſcion, nurſe the ſhrubs below,
" And hover o'er the bloſſoms as they blow.
" And, as the leaves contagious vapors curl,
" If boiſterous winds around the ſaplings whirl;
" If, midſt the ravage of the cankering worm,
" Blue lightnings blaze beneath the tented ſtorm;
" Be yours, to bruſh the noxious blights away,
" Cleanſe the black leaf, refreſh the ſhrivel'd ſpray,

" And heal each branch's ſhatter'd pride, alert,
" Tho' demons their pernicious power exert.

" And ye, too, that protect the fertile farm,
" And clothe the healthful flock with fleeces warm,
" Who give the fatt'ning oxen faſt to feed,
" Full-udder the fair kine, and guard the breed;
" Bid o'er ſoft ſlopes the bearded barley flow,
" Or wheaten furrows wave with golden glow;
" Bleſs the ſtreakt apples on the burthen'd boughs,
" While in a feſtal groupe the hinds carouſe;
" And, guiding the young bees where thyme-banks
" thrive,
" With aromatic ſweets enrich the hive;*
" Ah! ſummon, at this hour, your utmoſt ſkill,
" To fence the farm and all it's ſtores from ill.

* I had firſt written,
" Guide the young bees, where banks of baſil thrive,
" And with ambroſial ſweets enrich the hive:"
ſuperior to the above, in point of melody, but, on ſome accounts, exceptionable.

" What tho', when night hath all the ſcene o'er-
" brow'd,
" And the pale Iris glimmers from her cloud,
" Ye freely range, or haunt, as Oberon wills,
" Deep-ſhelter'd vallies, and tranſlucent rills;
" Yet is it yours, and Oberon's, to obey
" This wand, and tremble at ſuperior ſway.

" And you, domeſtic Feri, full of mirth,
" By whom the chirping cricket glads the hearth,
" By whom induſtrious houſewives never fail,
" Whether they ſcald their cream, or brew their ale,
" Who court the wholeſome laſs, ſo freſh and tight,
" And give her pleaſant love-dreams, every night;
" Who from the maſter and the miſtreſs turn
" Each ſore vexation, with a kind concern;
" Who, at their ſocial board, good-humour ſhed,
" And pour a genial influence o'er their bed;—
" Still with benign aſſiſtance hover near,
" And deem not I indulgean idle fear.
" I mark ſome ill—but, ah! the Immortal ſhrouds
" Its features in impenetrable clouds!

" Then, all ye ſpirits! watch theſe ſacred groves;
" Cheriſh their generous lord, and ſpeed his loves."
He ſaid, and wav'd his wand; when every Fay
Diſſolv'd, as at the kindling bluſh of day.

THUS foſter'd by the favor of the ſprite,
Thy grove, *Andarton!* bower'd its worthy Knight.
There, of his ancient park, his paſtures proud,
He hail'd the ſummer-ſun, the winter-cloud;
Content to run the farmer's annual* round,
Monotonous,† amid his native ground.

When vernal breezes fann'd the waving ſhade,
Ere with the morn his ſtarry curtains play'd,
He haſten'd to ſalute the balmy dawn,
And by the path's alluring ſoftneſs drawn

* Labor actus in orbem.

† *Monotonous* can hardly be uſed in this place, unleſs by a catachreſis (a figure rarely admitted); but it was ſuggeſted by the unvaried chaunt of ploughboys cheering their oxen, from the morning until the evening, and day after day.

To the hill-ſide, or caught the liquid note
That from a heaven of amber ſeem'd to float;
Or liſten'd to the wood-dove's tale of woes
That, gurgling, from the impervious dingle roſe.
Yet not to lonely penſiveneſs inclin'd,
He lov'd the cares that wait the watchful hind.
Oft, as he graſp'd his ſilver-mounted ſtaff,
(A palm-tree branch tranſmitted from Sir RALPH—
A branch that, with its dates delicious crown'd,
Sir RALPH himſelf had cut on *Salem*'s ground) *
He pac'd the broom-clad upland, or the glade,
To "tell his tale" of ſheep, or track the ſtray'd;
In ſoft-green ſucculence, ſurvey the ſtore
Of ever ſpiring on the clover'd floor,
Mark the young daiſies, as, with half a ſmile,
They faintly peep'd thro' feſcue, or treſoil,

* "——— Κορυναν, ταν μοι παῖρος ἔρεφεν αγρος,
"Αὐλοφυα, ταν ουδ' αν ισως μωμασατο τεκτων."
"——— A ſtrong ſhapely club, that grew
"Amid my father's woods, a ſingle plant—
"So fair—e'en artiſts might its beauty grant."
THEOCRIT. Idyll. ix.

And, kind in promiſe to the dairy-laſs,
Catch the firſt gleams where kingcups gild the graſs.

The ſympathetic ſpirit hath averr'd,
That human kindneſs draws the beaſt, the bird:
And, goodneſs on his countenance portray'd,
Each creature ſeem'd to court Sir HUMPHREY'S ſhade.*
Scatter'd along the lawn, his fearleſs ſheep
Form'd, at his mild approach, no phalanx deep:
The heifer with familiar welcome low'd;
The dewlap'd bull a frank obeiſance ſhew'd.

* That the brute creation are, in a certain degree, attracted or repelled by the benevolence or churliſhneſs of man, is a fact to which naturaliſts have not ſufficiently adverted. The worthy Mr. Rolle, of Bicton, in Devonſhire, (father to Lord Rolle) uſed to *converſe* with ſeveral animals, on the moſt familiar terms, during his reſidence in Eaſt Florida.—I once heard him inſtance deer in particular, that, during his walks through the woods, would never diſcover the ſlighteſt ſymptoms of fear, but often approach him with a generous confidence. No perſon, who is acquainted with Mr. Rolle, can doubt his veracity. By the ſuppoſed antipathy of animals to perſons of a contrary diſpoſition, ſee the character of Miſs PRUE illuſtrated, at the end of the firſt book of this poem.

E'en the wild hare, half-pleas'd and half afraid,
At little diſtance crop'd the ſpringing blade;
Yet, where the ſportſmen came, prick'd up her ears,
And ſought her ſeat, obedient to her fears:
And, tho' the hoop,* too conſcious of her crime,
Where burſting buds announc'd the joyous prime,
To other orchards from his preſence fled,
Ere long to forfeit her felonious head;
Yet would the finch, with gold-ſtreakt pinions gay,
With ſhort ſhrill jerks ſalute him on his way,
Plunge in the thiſtle her white bill, and ſhed
Its gliſtening down, and rear her ſcarlet head,
Sleek, on the ſpray above, her brightening plume,
And with arch eye that confidence reſume
Which erſt, amid the laurel gloſſy-leav'd,
Her beauteous neſt beneath his window weav'd.

But, e'er, one tenant of *Andarton-Grove*
Claim'd from the friendly Knight peculiar love,
The aſſociate of his young and vigorous years,
Whoſe honors, time-confer'd, awaken'd tears—

* The bulfinch.

His old roan horſe, that, o'er his acres free,
Stray'd, or by ſunny hill, or ſhady tree,
That own'd with pride, each faithful ſervice paſt,
A generous maſter's kindneſs to the laſt.
The ſhaggy mane, the hoof with tufts o'ergrown,
The toothleſs jaws, each rib a ſtaring bone,
Sunk in its ſocket the dim'd eye of glaſs,
And knees that ſcarce ſuſtain'd the tottering maſs—
Say, could the ſkeleton breathe vital air?
Yes! memory, gratitude ſtill linger'd there!
If, in the mead or park he miſs'd his *Roan*,
The Knight, with fears conſeſt by love alone,
Would pierce the ſkirting thicket, or of thorn
Or birch, tho' cover'd by the drops of morn,
Then, chiding, as affection oft hath chid,
Hail his poor friend, by holly-leaves half hid;
While *Roany* haſten'd thro' the ruſtling ſhade,
And to his prattling maſter fondly neigh'd!
Yes! to his old companion would he talk—
The laſt kind office of his morning-walk;
When, ere he reach'd the porch, perhaps he ſtole
Quick glances from the partner of his ſoul,

And hail'd, with rapture beaming from his eyes,
The bluſh that, ſoft as Maia's orient ſkies,
Ting'd her ambroſial cheeks!—when, arm in arm,
With all the cordial looks, the language warm
Of vernal life, they ſaunter'd to the porch,
As if young Love that moment wav'd the torch!

Meantime, the watchful RACHEL knew full well,
To rouſe each menial by the pealing bell;
The drowſy maiden from her bed-room rout,
And from his pillow fright the prentice-lout,
(Pulling the heavy ſnorer's redden'd ears,
And bidding him uncloſe his eyes in tears)
And mark, ere long, with aſh-wood bucket white,
The milkmaid's footſteps o'er the meadow light,
Greet the pois'd pail, "without o'erflowing, full,"
And, if ſhe loiter'd, chide the lazy trull;
Suit to the ſcalding* milk it's gentle heat;
The cream, cool-finger'd, into butter beat,

* The proceſs of ſcalding cream (a practice peculiar to Cornwall, Devonſhire, and a part of Somerſet) is ſo generally known, that I need not here deſcribe it; though I have not left it unnoticed in "THE HISTORY OF DEVONSHIRE."

(Such ſolid cream* as once without a crack
Bore, tho' ſcarce cold, a pound upon it's back;)
Adjuſt the curdled cheeſes to the wring,†
(To RACHEL fragrant as the breath of ſpring)
Or give the unſalted butter made anew,
To gather healing influence from the dew,
As, ſet upon the haw's thick-matted thorn,
It drank the roſy moiſture of May-morn.

And ever ſhall ſhe boaſt abundant milk,
Cream rich as gold, and cheeſes ſmooth as ſilk,
While the kind Fayes, whom cream-bowls ſtill attach,
The curious proceſs of the dairy watch,
On May-dew butter balmier ſweets diſtil,
And with the fatteſt curd the preſſes fill.

But in the porch, where woodbine mix'd its hue
With ſcented bay, the glittering ſand to ſtrew,

* Cream bearing a pound weight, a few days after ſcalding, is not uncommon.—But Madam RACHEL's is rare cream!

† The *cheeſe-preſs*, in Cornwall the *cheeſe-wring*.

And there, the gold-rim'd cups, the ſteaming urn,
To ſet, ere nine, was RACHEL's prime concern.

Tho' obſolete in this faſtidious age,
Sir HUMPHREY was regal'd with genuine ſage;
But HARRIET he indulg'd with hyſon tea:
Yet would he cry, "No Indian * herbs for me—
"Stuff, that ſo much the faſhion to import, is!
"Cur moriatur homo, cum ſalvia creſcit in hor-
"tis?"
Then, hunger for his ſauce, and, nothing nice,
Cut from the buttock a convenient ſlice,
And (often to the wonder of his wife)
Salute the foreright † with as keen a knife.

* I once heard an old gentleman exclaim in a ſimilar manner, though, like our Knight, he was fond of that *Indian* herb tobacco. So inconſiſtent is man!

† "*Foreright*" is the coarſeſt ſort of wheaten bread, made of the meal, *with all the bran*, and not what we term in Cornwall, "*ſecond bread*," though it may probably anſwer to the *panis ſecundus* of Horace—vivit ſiliquis et pane ſecundo.

As " ſound (the Knight lov'd proverbs) as a
" roach,"
He ſtaunch'd his ſtomach ere Miſs PRUE's ap-
proach;
Tho' if ſhe chanc'd her chamber to unlock—
'Twas ſuch a rarity—ere ten o'clock,
He oft would wait her yawning and red eyes
With looks that ſeem'd to teſtify ſurprize,
And, with a ſhrug of archneſs, tho' by rote,
Words of oracular importance quote:
" Sanat (Miſs PRUE) ſanctificat, diteſcit!"
" And a moſt wholeſome proverb all confeſs it—"
When Miſs would toſs her noſe up, and cry, " La!
" 'Tis ſhocking—petrifying quite, papa!
" Such vulgar nonſenſe!"—" Well! I wiſh I knew
" But Latin, like as brother knows, Miſs PRUE!"
" No, ſiſter! (he would utter, ſomewhat rough)
" One tongue for any woman is enough!
" But, rather on our rights may females trench,
" Than to their grinning monkeys jabber *French*—
" *Qui mihi* rather with their parrots cap,
" And teach their Tripſeys Latin, ere they lap!"

So would Sir HUMPHREY joke, yet, conſcience-
ſtung,
Ere the laſt ſyllable had left his tongue,
Repent his harſhneſs to the affected elf—
His generous ſoul recoiling on itſelf;
And ſtrait, his wounded boſom to relieve,
(As laugh'd the cunning daughter in her ſleeve)
Anticipate her wiſhes and her wants,
With other ſpaniels, other Indian plants!

His breakfaſt o'er, the Knight retrac'd the ſoil,
To view his labourers midſt their various toil;
Whether the flail's quick ſtrokes o'er all the floor
Scatter'd the remnant of his winter-ſtore,
To fill the granaries with rich tomal'd * wheat,
While oft he dwelt with pleaſure on the feat
That had perform'd ſuch labor long ere noon,
And wonder'd at the work diſpatch'd ſo ſoon;
Tho' (as it ſeems the labourer was in luck)
The corn was threſht with ſhadowy flail † by Puck;

* "*Tomals*," in Corniſh, "quantities, or much of any "thing."—*Pryce.*

† This alluſion to Milton is happily warranted by Corniſh ſuperſtition.

Whether he eyed his long untangled * reed;
Or to the hilltop bade the maiden ſpeed,
And to her ſieve attract † the fainting gale;
Or caught, amidſt his windings thro' the dale,
Wafted from overhead, the ploughboy's chaunt, ‡
That, as he drove the groaning team aſlaunt
Some ridgy fallow, gave each echo ſhrill
To cheer the goaded ox along the hill;
Whether he plung'd amid the ſuckers, riſe
Thro' all his orchard-ground, the pruning-knife,
Or in the redd'ning boughs, from moſſes § clear,
Hail'd the firſt promiſe of a teeming year;

* That part of the ſtraw which is not bruiſed in threſhing, is called *reed*.

† I believe it is not uſual to winnow *in the open air* in the eaſtern counties.

‡ To this monotony the oxen are ſo much accuſtomed, that, without it, they will not proceed. If the ploughboy happen to loſe his voice, which is frequently the caſe, the work is at a ſtand.

§ This is far from being true of the Corniſh orchards in general, the trees of which are commonly ſhagged with moſs completely.

Whether, as May now dried the verd'rous ſtains
That mark on plaſhy downs Cornubia's rains,
He view'd his oxen with a cumb'rous heap*
Of turf, around the common ſlowly ſweep,
And, as his ruſtics rais'd the furzy pile,
Announc'd the cuſtom'd † cheer to crown their toil;
Or ſaw each damſel, with her ſwain at work,
Romp o'er the mead, and ply her frolic fork,
Toſs the dew'd clover to the beams of day,
And rake into a cock the tedded hay;
Or, as the ſun his orb more fulgent rears,
Beheld the patient ewe beneath the ſheers,‡

* A few loads of turf from the common (if any be conveniently near) are generally carried by the farmer in the month of May.

† In the weſt of Cornwall, the farmer gives the ſame entertainment to his people on the day of furze carrying, as at the harveſt-home.

‡ I never obſerved the ſheep in Cornwall driven to any ſtream to be waſhed, previouſly to the ſhearing; though this is a cuſtom univerſal, I conceive, in the northern counties. Thomſon takes notice of it in his Seaſons.

And the bold ram, that vaunts his wreathed horn,
While many a deep tar-cypher ſtamps the ſhorn.

So fair, ſo placid to the vernal glow,
The ſummer heat, he bade his mornings flow.
And ſtill, as ſilver-white the harveſt wav'd;
As, veiling its peach-bloom the foliage heav'd;
As fluttering leaves, or yellow-ting'd, or red,
Or olive-dark, along the lawn were ſhed;
As winter frore, to deſolate the vale,
Pour'd its fork'd * vengeance thro' ſonorous hail;
Ere the night-ſhadows were diſpers'd, he roſe,
Still lov'd his ſage, and ſtill was fond to *proſe*; †
Yet, when the ſpirit of the wind was heard,
His little parlour to the porch preferr'd;
Where dipping, in his old gilt cup the toaſt
By which his fires ſubdued the power of froſt,
From the rich mead a cordial warmth he drew,
Fine as his bearded fathers ever knew!

* In Cornwall, thunder is more frequent in winter than in ſummer.

† "To *proſe*"—to repeat his old ſtories.

And, brightening from the liquid amber,* brav'd
The ſkies, o'er ſheeted ice tho' Eurus† rav'd,
Thro' the drear gloom with wonted ardor paſs'd,
And met with ſteady port each arrowy blaſt.

Yes! whether autumn beam'd, or winter frown'd,
The Knight ſtill trac'd his dear mechanic round;
Still, breakfaſt o'er, amid his corn ſurvey'd
The girls with ſickles arm'd, and looſe-array'd;
Bade the thick trees,‡ with apples bending, pour
On the ſhorn graſs below, the ruddy ſhower,
Ere-long to mingle, in one hillock rude,§
The ſour, the bitter-ſweet, the ripe, the crude;

* "*The liquid ruby*," the oriental periphraſis for wine is an expreſſion extremely beautiful. Mead (in Cornwall, *metheglin*) may with the ſame propriety be called "*liquid amber*."

† In Cornwall, "the *black* eaſterly wind."

‡ The trees, in our beſt orchards, are planted ſo thick, as greatly to incommode each other, and preclude, indeed, the poſſibility of their ever coming to maturity; even if all other circumſtances had been favourable to their growth.

§ The greater part of the apples are generally ſhaken down before they are ripe, and thrown together promiſcuouſly.

Or now, the moſſy † meadow broke for wheat,
Stubb'd the rough brake, and heap'd the burning peat.
From Nature's hand accepting Nature's boon,
Such hours of rural peace he paſs'd till noon;
When, from his walk return'd, in looſe plaid gown,
Oft times * he welcom'd, from the neighbour town,
The maſter of the razor and the puff,
Who, ſcattering round a ſtore of news and ſnuff,†
Now check'd his tongue, the foaming horn to ſwig,
Now powder'd, in much haſte, the buſhy wig.

Meantime, old RACHEL would her charge reſume,
And obſervation dart, from room to room;
The motions of her breathleſs houſemaids watch,
And from the tap'ſtry-chamber ſtrait diſpatch
Their feet impatient, to the blue, the red,
From the pal'd damaſk, to the new chintz-bed;

† This may ſound odd to the ears of an eaſt-country farmer!

* "*Oft times* he welcom'd"—In the firſt MS. "*daily* welcom'd." But not long before our knight's time, even courtiers (as Dr. Swift ſomewhere intimates) were not accuſtomed to ſhave, every day.

Nor quit their heels, till now, their labour done,
In each plump hand the nimble needle ſhone;
When, prying into every duſty nook,
She *fuſs'd*, to form arrangements with the cook.
Nor ſooner were o'erpaſt her kitchen cares,
Than her ſnug cloſet, half-way up the ſtairs,
With a quick jerk ſhe duly would uncloſe,
In triumph toſſing her red rivell'd noſe;
Thence, thro' a lattice-light, keen glances throw
O'er all the kitchen, opening-wide, below;
And ſhrewdly, tho' inviſible herſelf,
Mix in the buſtle of each menial elf.
Her room, indeed, was paſſing-dark, I ween,
While, fading from a ground of ruſty green,
A tatter'd paper juſt diſclos'd to ſlight
Its old rais'd figures, once vermilion-bright,
And, ſtruggling thro' the diamond pane, the day
Scarce reach'd the lattice-light with blunted ray.
There two high chairs of oak, on either back
With antique foliage carv'd, and gloſſy-black,
As ſhone aſlant the room the ſolar beam,
From crimſon cuſhions caſt a diſmal gleam.

There, ſtood in ſhadow a moth-eaten deſk;
And there, a veteran cabinet groteſque,
By ſome great aunt with filligree adorn'd,
And a bare toilette, long as lumber ſcorn'd,
Tho', rich-enamel'd, nigh the damaſk bed,
Its poſies once a golden radiance ſhed;
And "Watts's Hymns," "The Book of Common
"Prayer,"
And "Nelſon's Faſts and Feaſts," were ſcatter'd there;
And, what all other eating rules ſurpaſs,
The "beautiful receipts" * of Madam Glaſſe!
On ſhelves above, were rang'd along the wall,
To ſtimulate the ſtomach, or to pall,
Pickles or green or red, and potted meats,
And ſparkling ſyrops, and confection-ſweets,
And many a gallipot of rich conſerves,
And jaleps, and ſtill'd waters for the nerves,
And, fit for Falſtaff's ſelf, delicious ſack,
But chief, a large caſe-bottle of coniac.

Full oft would HARRIET a kind wiſh impart,
To aid the houſewife, in her various art.

* So have I heard a lady ſtile them!

But, cautious leſt another ſhould eclipſe
Her fame in cruſt, in mangoes, or in hips,
As RACHEL ſtill her art in ſecret plied,
Her boaſt "in crowds, her ſolitary pride,"
Untroubled each indulg'd her different taſte;
And HARRIET read, while RACHEL rais'd her paſte.

And HARRIET ow'd the pleaſure-wafted hour
To groupes that ſpoke her pencil's magic power.
But, tho' her landſcape flow'd in colors warm,
In ſound ſhe own'd a more ſeducing charm.

When care ſeverely points its viſage ſharp,
Divine the ſolace of the dulcet harp!
Sweet to the eye of ſorrow picture glows;
But muſic ſoothes a heart ſurcharg'd with woes!

Not that from dark ſolicitude, or grief,
The tranquil heart of HARRIET aſk'd relief;
But, turn'd to penſive thought, and oft alone,
Drew fine emotions from the melting tone;

And, if aſſail'd by PRUE's ſarcaſtic ſneer,
Taught her lov'd harp to chaſe the trickling tear.

Yet, many a time by malice render'd vain,
Soft notes, forſooth, to PRUE created pain;
And to "the golden room" alas! too near,
As diſſonant they jarr'd upon her ear,
Put the ſtill ſullens to a ſudden route,
And whirl'd each atom of her brain about,
Till all the room Erictho ſeem'd to ſhake,
And HARRIET drop'd her harp—for Tripſey's ſake.
So vernal green, that drinks purpureal ſkies,
Sickens, with yellow glare, to jaundic'd eyes.

But HARRIET could appeaſe each troubled thought
With muſic by applauding ſeraphs brought;
While o'er each village, with a kind concern,
Prompt every tale from ſorrow's lips to learn,
'Twas hers, her cares, her pity to extend,
The poor man's patroneſs, to all a friend.

Oft, when along the avenue ſhe ſeem'd
To ſaunter, where the unfolding landſcape beam'd,
And gaze, as if its many-glancing hues
She panted to her tablets to transfuſe;
She ſlop'd her path (yet ſtill appear'd to ſtray)
To the dim woodwalk, ting'd by dancing day;
Trip'd lightly onward thro' its laurel gloom,
And, heedleſs of the fragrance and the bloom,
Quick, thro' its waving viſta, caught the dale,
And the ſweet groupe of cots aſcending pale;
And now, by every curious eye unſeen,
With pleaſure op'd the wicket on the green.

There, as her hands the ready purſe unſtrung,
She drop'd delicious accents from her tongue;
And, more than with her purſe (the poor confeſs'd)
Cheer'd with that angel-voice the burthen'd breaſt;
While the ſad widow felt a genial glow,
And left, half-told, the ſtory of her woe;
While feeble age, its crutch low-bending o'er,
Forgot the pain it juſt had mourn'd before;

And liſping babes, attracted by her charms,
Stretch'd out, as ſhe approach'd, their little arms.

But chief, with tutelary care to guide
A little cottage-ſchool, was HARRIET's pride.
Where, on a hillock ſlope, beſide the wood,
By rude oak-props ſuſtain'd, a ſtructure ſtood,
And with an air groteſque o'erbrow'd the ſcene,
Its thatch with moſs, its walls with ivy green—
While ſpir'd its ſmoke, or roll'd a duſky wreath
O'er the dun hamlet in the dell beneath;
There HARRIET viſited a veteran aunt,*
Who taught her imps the horn-book how to chaunt,†
Or how to knit, with azure yarn, the hoſe;
High-ſpectacled her venerable noſe!

* *Aunt* is applied in Cornwall (as *dame* or *goody* in other counties) as a term of reſpect to an old woman.

† Whether in the Corniſh ſchools, the children of the common people "ſing or ſay," is a queſtion not eaſy to determine.

And, lo! as *Miſs** appear'd, the pigmy crowd
Start from their forms, ſaluting her aloud; †
When, as their ſeveral taſks they ſing or ſay,
No more they tremble at the birchen ſpray,
But each, ambitious of a plauding look,
Thumbs with new zeal his not unſullied book;
When the hoſe-girls their flippant fingers ply,
To ſteal approving glances from her eye.

And tho' the magic of a ſmile could bribe
To diligence, the ſweet untainted tribe;
Yet, little volumes, gilt, or green or blue,‡
And ſilver pennies, pleas'd attention drew;

* *Miſs*, as applied to a young married lady, is as common in the ſouth-weſt of Cornwall, as *uncle* or *aunt*.

† On ſuch occaſions, vociferation is conſidered as a mark of reſpect.

‡ Conſulting my own feelings, when a boy, I was almoſt tempted to write—

"Yet books neat bound in calf, that ſmelt ſo new"—

for though the little volumes that attract the eye to their gilding or gay colors may be more properly introduced into a village-ſchool; yet, I confeſs, the ſmell of a new book, bound in calf, was once as delightful to me as the muſk of Hadramut

When, at the unhop'd-for * holiday high-fluſht,
Forth at her nod—their hats in air—they ruſh'd,

to an Arabian poet. And thoſe authors which I purchaſed when a ſchoolboy, (particularly Milton and Gray) afford me, at this moment, a greater degree of pleaſure than the writers with which I became acquainted at a ſubſequent period. I often take them from their ſhelves by a kind of irreſiſtible impulſe: they are ſtill "*redolent of joy and youth!*"

* Grata ſuperveniet quæ non ſperabitur hora," muſt apply to every ſchoolboy, when unexpectedly let looſe from ſchool. To be ſurprized with a holiday, affects a child with ſenſations of pleaſure as keen as he is capable of feeling. Such, I remember, I once felt, when my facetious countryman, *Sam. Foote*, diſmiſſed me and my fellows from the ſchool at Truro with his uſual jocularity. I was then about nine years old: and I perfectly well recollect his figure, his manner of ſaluting his old maſter, Mr. *Conon*, and his aſſumed air of authority, when, waving his hand, he ordered us all to be gone; and, as we obeyed the ſignal, called after us—"A holiday without "exerciſe." The celebrity of Mr. Foote will be admitted, I truſt, as a ſufficient excuſe for dwelling on this trivial circumſtance.—This gentleman received his education at Truro School. Perhaps it is not generally known, that he there imbibed his taſte for the theatre. There he diſcovered a vaſt ſuperiority over his companions, in acting the plays of Terence. But, on his making his appearance on the ſtage, Mr. Conon greatly lamented, "that a ſchool of morality ſhould have been "a nurſery of low buffoonery;" nor would ever ſuffer even the plays of Terence to be acted again in Truro ſchool!—

Spread o'er the green, in various paſtime gay,
And baſk'd and wanton'd in the ſunny ray.

Far other were the ſelfiſh PRUE's purſuits,
Amid her plants, her trinkets, or her brutes.
If the clear morning wore a ſummer ſmile,
The greenhouſe might, perhaps, an hour beguile:
Yet, as ſhe ſhrunk, too ſenſitive, from air,
Her viſit to her coſtly plants was rare.
Indeed, ſhe cultur'd, in her parent's ſpite,
Flowers of all climes but one, ſupremely bright;
From irritation, after ſome diſpute
About exotics, purchas'd a new root;
And a vaſt pleaſure ſtill profeſs'd to take
In foreign plants, for contradiction-ſake!

When to her dreſſing-room Miſs PRUE retir'd,
With the fond love of varying faſhion fir'd;

Mr. Conon, who had been an uſher at Weſtminſter ſchool, was following the faſhions of that noble ſeminary; though, from the firſt, he ſuffered not "The Eunuch" to be either read or acted.

Incorrigibly formal, ſhe betray'd
An aukward imitation of her maid!

But, catching every rapid change, ANNETTE
Of ſuppleneſs a bright example ſet.
Tho' erſt ſhe gloried in a waſpiſh ſhape,
Tight-lac'd as apprehenſive of a rape,
And midſt her ſweethearts mickle woe to work,
Wriggled and bounc'd about a rump of cork;
While gleam'd beneath a petticoat ſo ſhort
Her lily ſtockings, finely ſtrip'd with—dirt;
Now with bar'd * boſom ſhe conforms to taſte,
And in her flowing robe forgets her waiſt,
And mincingly affects the modiſh tread,
And, giggling, toſſes high her turban'd head!

As thus Miſs PRUE would imitate in dreſs
Her model of the faſhion's wild exceſs;
Aſcribe her ſtiffneſs to what cauſe you will,
'Twas not for want of tools ſhe work'd ſo ill.

* Σηθεσι φαινομενοις.

Heavens! o'er her chamber what a rich diſplay
Of female frippery in diſorder lay!
Here combs of tortoiſe, elephant, or lead,
There powders that ambroſial eſſence ſhed.
Here patches, and pomatums, and perfumes,
There friendly rouge, to bring back female blooms;
And cuſhions ſtuck with many a black hair-pin,
And night-gloves from ſome former Tripſey's ſkin;
And bruſhes for the teeth, ſo ivory-white;
And two reflecting mirrors, burniſht bright;
Hiſtoric novels, Della Cruſca ſtuff,
A penknife here, and there a powder-puff;
And "Modern Anecdotes," ſuperbly dreſt,
And "Beauties," in their fineſt forms hot-preſt;
And Eſſays that the ſex from tyrants freed,
That bid them ſcorn that vulgar thing—"to breed;"
Their ſoaring ſouls beyond their bodies waft—
The flights of Amazonian Wolſtoncraft;
And letters freſhly penn'd, where all her ſoul
The girl had vapour'd to a ſwart Creole
Her ſchool-companion erſt, whoſe grinning grace
Had taught her how to prize the monkey race!

In truth, her monkeys, her perpetual boaſt,
By the good Knight's connivance, had engroſs'd
The room that ran along the weſtern wall,
Propt by the pillars of the extenſive hall;
That, by her great grandſire Sir Roger built,
Was deck'd with ſculpture and ſuperbly gilt;
The "golden room," that once knew better days,
When, lighten'd by the taper's midnight blaze,
And by its cedar fires perfum'd around,
It ſprung elaſtic to the dancer's bound.
Alas! where wreaths of fragrance gently roll'd
O'er thoſe dim pannels, once of burniſht gold,
From cells aſſign'd to Tripſey's ſweet repoſe,
Odors, of other ſort, aſſail the noſe!
Where, from the viol and the harp high-ſtrung,
With choral notes the copper ceiling rung;
Far other ſounds the wondering ear engage,
Amid the proud orcheſtra now a cage!
Here with long plumes macaws the floor o'erſhade,
Where birth-night ladies glitter'd in brocade!
Here PRUE with ſmart ANNETTE a parley holds,
Her monkey fondles or her parrot ſcolds;

Where brilliant youths diſſolv'd in amorous ſighs,
And courtly damſels roll'd their charming eyes!

Now had the impatient Knight begun to ſnuff
The pleaſant ſteam from culinary ſtuff.
True to the uſage of his ſires, who ſat
Ere one, with mouths that crav'd the ſavoury cate,
To the ſame hour Sir HUMPHREY turn'd his mind,
And, ſpite of gibes, unfaſhionably din'd.

Due as the noon, to thoſe who dig or delve,
The dinner-bell proclaim'd the hour of twelve;
And deem'd it, poſſibly, no leſs in point
To tune ſoft muſic o'er the ſmoaking joint;
When, as the hour of one it ſweetly told,
His little down-fed mutton, ſix years old,
Or, deep in yellow fat, his boil'd ox-beef,
Appeas'd Sir HUMPHREY's qualms with kind relief;
When dear to Corniſh palates one and all,
Appear'd, in cruſted pomp, to grace the hall,
The pye where herbs with veal in union meet,
The taſteful parſley, the nutricious beet,

The bitter mercury wild, nor valued leſs
The watery lettuce and the pungent creſs;
When, raviſhing with odors every noſe,
The leek o'er layers of the pilchard roſe,
Or, in a gentler harmony with pork,
Ere yet of mouths it claim'd the playful work,
Attack'd the noſtril with a tempting ſteam,
As, opening, it ingulph'd the golden cream;
When the ſweet giblet, to the rural taſte
Preſented a more delicate repaſt!
And who your blended forces e'er withſtood,
Ye giblets, raiſins, pippins, and gooſeblood?

Fond of Cornubian cates, *Andarton*'s lord
One diſh alone had baniſh'd from his board,
A pye that with the * neap's red juice o'erflow'd—
The neap to Hanover which Albion ow'd:

* "The neap's red juice"—I had before written "the "neap's mild juice"—But it is for the *red turnep* that we are indebted to Hanover; a ſort which we meet with in almoſt every part of Cornwall: though it is ſcarce, I believe, in this country. I never ſaw it in Devonſhire. It is much ſu-

And erſt a Jacobite, auſtere and bluff,
Sir HUMPHREY hated Hanoverian ſtuff;
Tho' now, by circumſtances ſoften'd down,
He met no more a turnep with a frown,
And, but for RACHEL, primitive and ſtiff,
Had caught from turnep-pyes the ſavoury whiff.

Such were the dainties he was pleas'd to ſhare,
Tho' ſeldom ſerv'd on Delft or Wedgewood-ware;
Frail manufacture (would the Knight alledge)
That turns of every knife the keeneſt edge!
"I judge, tho' no great ſtickler for the mine,
"On their own pewter ſhould the Corniſh dine."

If PRUE by chance appear'd for dinner dreſt,
She flung a ray of pity round, diſtreſt

perior in flavor to the common white turnep: and a red turnep pye, very frequent in Cornwall, appears to people of other counties, a very curious diſh. As to Sir HUMPHREY's objection to the uſe of the red turnep, I am well acquainted with a perſon of this pariſh, whoſe father would never ſuffer it to be produced at his table, from the ſame Jacobitiſh principle.

At poor papa, who, trampling on the ton,
Still with his Corniſh couſins ate at one!
" Others (the Knight would cry) may dine at ſix,
" And mourn the penalties that hour inflicts:
" They who from faſhion faſt till ſix o'clock,
" Too oft are palſied by the ſudden ſtroke!"
" Indeed 'tis hard (Miſs PRUE replied with ſpite)
" Waken'd by noiſy pigeons, every night,
" And deaf'ned by the rooks, to eat alone,
" Or elſe the bell obey, at nine and one.
" And gad! theſe monſtrous dogs with hideous
" grin—
" I'm in amazement that you let them in!
" Above the board how each his noſe exalts!—
" I ſeldom venture down without my ſalts."

Sir HUMPHREY, tho' his daughter PRUE might
prate,
'Tis thought, was ſtill attentive to his plate.

On ſporting days, with all his youthful glee,
The Knight his dinners would poſtpone till three;
Still eager to aſſert each rural claim—
And vindicate his empire over game.

Once, as a ſhot, his admirable ſkill
Confirm'd the high prerogative to kill!
Now his dim'd eyeſight the diverſion marr'd,
Tho' birds and beaſts retain'd his fond regard:
Now his poor fingers, ſtiffen'd by the gout,
Lent feeble aid—in ſhort his hand was out.

Once, as the autumnal morn was wont to ſhed,
Amid ſtill clouds, a radiance mild and red,
Slow kindling up his * ariſh ſilver-hoar,
With active ſtep Sir HUMPHREY would explore
Where late the harveſt ſtream'd, or hill or vale;
When, as ſagacious of the tainted gale,

* Uſed by the Corniſh, for ſtubble-ground; poſſibly from *aridus*; or rather, perhaps, from the Saxon *ediſe*; whence *ediſh* in ſome counties.

His wheeling pointer the poor bird betray'd,
And ready ſlaughter rattled thro' the glade.

Now, (tho' to pull the trigger oft he tried,
When from his piece abortive thunders died)
He, like a † Chelſea-ſoldier, hug'd his gun,
Exulting in the ſpoils that once he won;

† Goldſmith's "Old Soldier" will readily occur to memory, though the original of this beautiful picture in Addiſon, may not be recollected.

Addiſon's Latin poem, entitled *Pax Gulielmi*, is an elegant compoſition. In this poem, the old ſoldier relating the adventures of the war, exhibiting his wounds, &c. and the ſurprize and terror of his wife and children—are very happily conceived.

——— "juvat oſtentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notaſque
Mucronum inſignes, afflataque ſulphure membra!
Chara ſtupet conjux, reduciſque incerta mariti
Veſtigat faciem: trepidâ formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horreſcit neſcia vultus.
Ille graves caſus, duri et diſcrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidiſque inſtaurat prælia verbis."

And claim'd, if bent a covey to trepan,
The indulgence of a battle-worn old man,
And with the obſequious ſetting dog eſſav'd
To ſnare his birds beneath the hazel ſhade.
Once too, could aught his ſanguine ſpirit check,
As for the fox, the ſtag, he riſqu'd his neck?
No—I have ſeen him proudly ſpurn at fate,
As, leaping, at a bound, a five-barr'd gate,
Down the rock-precipice the hero rode,
And cloath'd in flame "came flying all abroad!"

Now, on his half-goonhilly * he ſat ſtill,
His wonted ſtation ſome commanding hill;
When, the hounds opening on the adjacent height,
He ſpurr'd his poney, and yet held her tight.

Goldſmith's ſoldier, it is very poſſible, may have no dependance on this portrait.

"The *broken* ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won."

* The genuine race of goonhilly ponies is extinct.

But never echo bade its crags rebound
To ſuch a fine variety of ſound,
As when the veteran harrier's feeble tongue
Mix'd with the merry muſic of the young.

Two brother yeomen, to ſupply his lack,
Join'd with Sir HUMPHREY's hounds their vigorous pack.

Obedient to his every nod, and ſkill'd
To try the covert of the ſcented field,
The brothers hail'd with eagerneſs the ſport—
ZACCHEUS, of round paunch and puffy port;
And he, a reed of ſlenderneſs, who ſnarles
At every playful joke, cadaverous CHARLES;
Who into Hymen's nooſe tho' loath to jump,
For years hath hanker'd after widow RUMP!

Twin ſtars of hunting! now devote to fame,
Burn on with unextinguiſhable flame!

Still ſhine, ZACCHEUS! a plump whipper-in!
And CHARLES! protending thy huge length of chin
To imitate the jaw-bone of an aſs,
In voice, the braying animal ſurpaſs!
For know, O CHARLES!—my ſtrains a moment hear—
Tho' ſweeter tones from Rockwood ſoothe thine ear—
Whether, great hunter! ſtill unbreath'd by toil,
With peerleſs cunning thou beat back the *foil*,
And, as again the harriers join their tongues,
Shouting, thou ſtrain the lobules of thy lungs;
Whether thy ſpindle-ſhanks the hedge o'erleap,
While ploughboys urge thee with ſhin-wounding ſtep;
Or whether, waving for a whip a twig,
And hurrying onward with inverted wig,
Thou plunge on ſteed Quixotic down the dale,
A rope thy bridle, and thy ſpur a nail;
Know—and deſpiſe the ſporting tribe of ton—
Sir HUMPHREY'S hunt exiſts—by thee * alone!

† Though this portrait hath the appearance of a caricature, yet it is an exact likeneſs of a very opulent farmer, taken on the ſpot.

Still, on the ſporting-day, twice every week,
Sir HUMPHREY would his old amuſement ſeek;
When oft his beef he bade the brothers munch,
And bend in ſlumber o'er his bowls of punch;
Tho' ſoon the Knight, profuſive of his joke,
Rous'd touchy CHARLEY by ſome dext'rous ſtroke,
While on the widow RUMP, perchance, he play'd—
Poor widow RUMP, ſtill graſping at a ſhade! †

The primitive old hour of ſupping, too,
The Knight obſerv'd, tho' unadvis'd by PRUE;
Since in the ſummer-ſeaſon, like a clown,
He lov'd his ſupper ere the ſun went down.
'Twas then the junket lur'd his twinkling eye,
With ſugar and delicious cream heap'd high,
Or ſourmilk, that a rich delight affords
Alike to Corniſh huts, and Tartar hordes!
Their meal now paſt, the Knight would duly call
For * evening-prayers the houſehold to the hall,

† Prenſantem nequicquam umbras!

* Perhaps I am guilty of an omiſſion, in not introducing

And lift his voice with magiſterial grace,
Yet ſtammer, if amen were out of place;
(As ſiſter RACHEL, dozing, miſs'd her cue,
And cut, with twanging noſe, a prayer in two)
Then with his family retire to reſt
As eve's cool tints ſtill linger'd in the Weſt,
And, while his HARRIET's eye ſoft luſtre ſhed,
Repoſe upon his old beſpangled bed;
Not prone as erſt ('tis judg'd) in thought profound,
To note his tap'ſtried fathers gleaming round.

But when the ſhorten'd day cold ſhadows threw,
And the bright hearth its ſocial circle drew,

Sir HUMPHREY at morning as well as evening prayers; ſince, even at this moment, one or two Corniſh gentlemen are antiquated enough, to read prayers, both mornings and evenings, to their families.——The late Sir Richard Vyvyan uſed regularly to perform, himſelf, the morning and evening ſervice in his chapel at Trelowarren. The example, indeed, of this gentleman was, in all reſpects, worthy of imitation. In theſe times, particularly, the loſs of ſuch a man can never be ſufficiently lamented!

The Knight would claim, diſcarding ruſtic care,
The friendly ſuccour of his elbow chair;
And, furniſht with his odor-breathing pipe,
His ſpectacles mechanically wipe,
And bid them, as they met the taper's ray,
Around his Roman noſe in ſilver play.
Yet muſt his eyes their wonted taſk refuſe,
Tho' Goadby tempt him with his earlieſt news.
Behold, as "Mercury"†, juſt eſcap'd the preſs,
Flutters and drips in all its pride of dreſs,

† Perhaps, my attachment to "The Sherborne Mercury" may partly be owing to certain accidental aſſociations in early life: but it is, confeſſedly, one of the beſt provincial papers publiſhed in England; whether we conſider its external merit—general neatneſs of execution; or its internal character—earlineſs of intelligence, judiciouſneſs of ſelection, or variety of matter. Its companion, "the Weekly "Entertainer," (formerly known by the name of "the "Weekly Miſcellany") has a title truly characteriſtic of itſelf. It unites, indeed, the *utile dulci*, preſenting us with valuable extracts from the beſt new publications.—Mr. Maſon, when on a viſit to the late Lord Camelford, obſerved that "Cornwall produced nothing good but junket, and the Weekly "Entertainer." In whatever light the obſervation may be conſidered, from the faſtidiouſneſs or jocularity with which it

Behold the Knight, with eager glances, greet
The long-lov'd columns of the fragrant ſheet;

was probably made, or the heterogeneouſneſs of the productions brought in contact; certain it is, that "the Weekly Entertainer" deſerves a ſerious compliment—though not at the expence of our Corniſh commodities.—The venerable bard, I am informed, was not even pleaſed with Boconnock, though its beauties are generally acknowleged. Lord Camelford, indeed, (then Mr. Pitt) was prepared for ſuch expreſſions as "*poor!*" "*tame!*" "*vulgar!*" wherever his friend might throw a careleſs glance. "My political ſituation (ſaid Mr. Pitt,) will blind his eyes: *a ſeat* in parliament for *Little Sarum*, is incompatible with elegance: nothing will pleaſe him at Boconnock". But Maſon's opinion of Boconnock may partly be attributed to another cauſe——the affectation of ſuperior taſte. The ſuperciliouſneſs of the poet, was blended with the fourneſs of the politician. Boconnock, he knew full well, was univerſally admired: and could the poet of the "Engliſh Garden" condeſcend to ſtamp *his* imprimatur on popular notions? It was from the ſame unpoetic—unbenevolent principle, that his friend Gilpin affected, ſome time ſince, to diſlike both Powderham and Mamhead. He had often heard them mentioned as two of the moſt beautiful ſeats in the kingdom: and he came determined to combat vulgar prejudices.—For deſcriptions of Powderham, the ſeat of Lord Courtenay, and Mamhead, that of Lord Liſburne, ſee "THE HISTORY OF DEVONSHIRE," Vol. II. pp. 155, 156—169, 170, 171, 172.

Expand it ſmoaking to the billet-blaze;
And, as it taſtes the moiſture-driving rays,
Welcome its dapper comrade clad in blue,
That, wondrouſly attacht to each review,
And ſkill'd bon-mots or travels to retail,
" Purſues the triumph and partakes the gale ";
Then yield the page to HARRIET to conn o'er,
And cull nice morſels from the precious ſtore:
But, tho' the columns were with battles rich,
Lur'd from old Goadby by a little witch,
Sir HUMPHREY, amid paragraphs ſo choice,
Ere-long was charm'd alone—by HARRIET'S voice.

Still, in eſteem o'er Goadby's choiceſt proſe
The dainties of the " Lady's Diary " roſe;
Whether, as HARRIET read, the Knight revolv'd
Each dark enigma which he rarely ſolv'd;
Or, turning to the ſigns, with keener NOYΣ,
Foretold the future fortunes of his houſe,
And, now in deep aſtrology engag'd,
Sprung from his loins a luſty boy preſag'd—

(A lad he deem'd already on the ſtocks)
Condemn'd to give his fancy grievous ſhocks!
While RACHEL from a joke ſhe judg'd profane
Demurely ſhrunk, but quickly like a crane
Stretch'd out her neck to ſwallow all he ſaid,
And HARRIET, dyed with bluſhes, droop'd her head.

Then, tho' his chimney ſhook to Winter's roar,
Its clearer blaze illum'd his oak-plankt floor:
Nor could the winds and beating rains avail
To damp his reliſh keen for toaſt and ale;
While at his feet the field-worn pointer lay,
And faſten'd to the hearth a noſe of clay,
Wagg'd in a dream his tail, with whining tongue,
And ſhiver'd at the ideal covey ſprung.

How pleaſant to behold him, as he quaff'd,
Mount in the ſcale of wit, at every draught;
When, in his narrative, with double rage
Sir HUMPHREY bade the battling cock engage—
His cock that caſt, in naked pride, a ſlur
On the ſharp armour of a ſhrove-tide ſpur,

And to the Knight's eternal triumph, hit,
High-comb'd, the deadlieſt blow in all the pit;
When, in his ſtories of the chace, he ſhap'd
His courſe o'er crags and moorlands, and eſcap'd
A hideous * ſhaft behind a ruin'd wall,
By his fleet hunter wafted over all;
When, in his tale, with more majeſtic port,
He, at the acceſſion, † travell'd up to court,
Cornwall's high ſheriff, the new king to ſee,
And there no ſooner ſtoop'd with bended knee,
Than, all his toil and trouble to requite,
He from a ſimple ſquire, aroſe a knight!

Still to the good Pretender half a friend,
" To George, (he cried) I ſcarce the knee could bend.
" From wicked wits I oft receive a ſlap—
" They blow upon the feather in my cap!

* I have known more than one inſtance of ſuch an eſcape, in Cornwall.

† Not a century ago, the Corniſh and Devonſhire gentlemen were accuſtomed to make their wills, &c. previouſly to ſuch a momentous expedition, as a journey to London.

" They tell me, 'twas " a little gilded pill
" I ſwallow'd—bitter ſoon—and bitter ſtill ;
" And ſay, my conſcience muſt the pill diſgorge,
" Since not a knighthood I deſerv'd from George!
" And yet (he would aver) the Stuart-line
" From gratitude with feeble luſtre ſhine!
" How much, alas! our tottering houſe ſuſtain'd
" For Charles! yet never have the Stuarts deign'd
" To recompence the meritorious toil,
" But by a paltry trinket or a ſmile! *
" Behold, for them the embattled caſtle frown'd,
" Till each ſtout buttreſs ſtrew'd the groaning
" ground.
" 'Twas then Sir Richard and his houſhold, proof
" Againſt the ſtorm, beneath the gateway-roof

* A ſimilar obſervation might be made by the Polwhele-family. To one of them, it is true, Henrietta, the queen of Charles I. was pleaſed to preſent a miniature picture of herſelf: and Charles II. condeſcended to enquire, at Mount Edgcumbe, after the health of another. But the loſs of fortune and impriſonment were forgotten.

" Retir'd, till now the rebel hoſts withdrew,
" And ſhots no more around the turrets flew—
" Thoſe ſolitary turrets that remain
" A monument of loyal ſervice vain.
" What tho' ſcarce honour'd by the voice of fame,
" I judge Sir Richard's no ignoble name;
" Leſs only than Sir Ralph's—than his who bore
" From Salem's walls the creſcent red with gore,
" The creſcent which hath ſince with ſignal grace
" Beam'd, the coat-armour of the *Andarton*-race!
" But, oh! I ſicken, as thoſe arms I wear—
" Of little worth, my love, without an heir!"

In ſtrains like theſe, he wander'd o'er the paſt,
And to one ſad concluſion came at laſt:
When RACHEL now, for notice, ſcowl'd or cring'd,
(Her noſe with her old winter-chilblain ting'd)
And, wriggling, ſtrove at every little pauſe,
To her own labors to attract applauſe;
Recounting, each alternate night at leaſt,
The marvellous adventure of her yeaſt;

Praiſing, what time her bees to ſwarm began,
The potent * muſick of her old braſs-pan;
Boaſting, how once ſhe reſcued from their doom
The little artiſts of the golden comb,
When, as with treacle ſhe ſupplied the hives,
She ſeiz'd their treaſures, and yet ſpar'd their lives;
Telling, how fine her virgin honey flow'd,
How warm with ſpices her metheglin glow'd.

Yet not too high her merits to exalt,
Whether ſucceſs had mark'd her mead or malt,

* "Tinnituſque cie et matris quate cymbala circum"—ſays Virgil. Philoſophers, indeed, as well as poets, have amuſed themſelves with ſpeculations on the "braſs-pan." But even had Sir HUMPHREY been learned enough to inform ſiſter RACHEL, that Ariſtotle queſtioned whether the ſucceſs of the operation were owing to joy or fear, as excited in the bees; that Plato and Pliny aſcribed it to joy, and Varro and Columella to fear; the good houſewife would ſcarcely have vouchſafed him a patient hearing; completely ſatisfied with her experience of the effect, and therefore deeming every enquiry into the cauſe impertinent. Yet Martyn (whom I have this moment conſulted) believes ſuch "muſick" "to be of no "ſervice:" ſo that in this caſe, both philoſophy and mother-wit are "become"—(I had almoſt ſaid) "as ſounding "braſs," &c.

To the kind Piſkies *, maugre all their pranks,
She humbly paid the tribute of her thanks;
While Puck with archneſs bade her right eye itch,
The token that her ale ſhou'd ſtill be rich,
And Browney, hovering near, provok'd a ſneeze, †
Perhaps the promiſe of abundant bees.
" But, now-adays, on pleaſure's ſtream adrift
(She cried) " light women only laugh at thrift.
" Indeed, it ſeems, in theſe faſtidious times,
" Œconomy and care are counted crimes.
" 'Twas but this morn, a fellow in the exciſe
" Examin'd half the houſe with prying eyes.

* One of the names of the Faeries, in Cornwall.

† Thus Theocritus, in his Third Idyllium :
Αλλεται οφθαλμος μευ ο δεξιος. My right-eye palpitates.——
And in his Seventh : Ερωτες επεπταρον.
On me the cupids ſneez'd, who Myrta love.

The itching, or palpitation of the right-eye, and ſneezing, were both accounted omens of good luck, among the ancients: and they are accounted ſo ſtill. The greater number of our popular ſuperſtitions, certainly originate in claſſical antiquity.

" He hop'd (he ſaid) Sir HUMPHREY would excuſe
" The ſearch'——and hemm'd, and ſneak'd, and
" ſcrap'd his ſhoes.
" Then would he, panic-ſtruck, my pardon beg—
" But never ventur'd to diſturb the keg!
" Caitiff, that, unobſtructed by his fears,
" O'er every little ale-houſe domineers!
" Far otherwiſe it was, in Charles's days,
" When every houſewife follow'd her own ways;
" Not jeer'd by folks whom faſhion renders rude,
" Or deem'd, as now, a * ſkin-flint, or a prude.
" Nay, brother! I account it no diſgrace
" To any worthy of our ancient race,
" That Henrietta, travelling thro' the weſt,
" Our great-great grandmother in tears addreſs'd,
" And the poor King's diſaſtrous ſtory told,
" Preſenting her his picture ſet in gold;

* Καλλιον, ω 'πιμελητα φιλαργυρε, τως φακος ειψειν,
Μη 'πιταμνης ταν χειρα καλαπριων το κυμινον.
Boil, Pinchpenny, the lentils whole, nor ſtint
Your ſlaves: you'd ſlit a bean, or flay a flint.
Theocr. Idyll. 10.

" Or that the prince repos'd his ſacred head,
" So condeſcending, on the damaſk-bed!"

With lapſe ſo ſmooth, the Knight's domeſtic year
Glided, with ſcarce a trouble or a fear;
Save the ſad thought of manly vigor loſt,
When oft, (he cried) his fondeſt hopes were croſt!
" To vain deſires, that all my ſoul unhinge—
" What to ſuch ardors, is a gouty twinge!"

Not that Podagra when the Knight it ſeiz'd,
His members with the gentleſt preſſure ſqueez'd!
Ah! whilſt it bent his * fingers into bows,
And, as with red-hot pincers, tore his toes,
The monſter mock'd the pale diſtorted face,
And claſp'd his body with a bear's embrace!

Yet, from his tongue tho' exclamations broke,
Sir HUMPHREY, whole at heart, retain'd his joke;

* Not ſtrictly the office of Podagra; but the catachreſis, I conceive, is allowable.

As, with his hands and feet in flannels, ſnug,
He call'd the ſmart embrace—" a Corniſh hug;"
And hail'd, admitted into purer air,
One warm and ſteady friend—his eaſy chair;
Aver'd, that ſuch a viſit from the gout
Serv'd but to bring his peccant humours out;
And ſaid, it quicken'd the dead calm of life,
With briſker influence than a ſcolding wife.

Yet muſt the Muſe record the feaſts that crown'd
In order due the Knight's domeſtic round;
That ſtill awaken'd, as the ſeaſons roll'd,
The Social Paſſion, * ſo eſteem'd of old!

Alas! where'er we turn our aching eyes,
That Social Paſſion languiſhes and dies;
Tho' once it kindled up the Baron's hall,
And warm'd with equal rays the mud-built wall!

* " Good neighbourhood " is now entirely out of faſhion: the very term is the ſubject of ridicule.

While now the ſounds of cordial union fail,
Where glooms the loneſome vill o'er every dale;
While floats no more the voice of caſtled mirth,
And ſcarce a cricket cheers the cottage-hearth;
Each little neighbourhood may, perhaps, afford
Some grave hiſtorian of its ancient lord—
Some hoary peaſant once a pamper'd groom,
Who tells, with rueful air, the manſion's doom;
When Sawle, in wedlock with Erizey linkt,
In his old maſter was at length extinct,
Where his fleet racer vaniſh'd from the view,
And where the laſt *goonhilly* periſh'd too——
Some gamekeeper, who now with drooping mien,
Eyes his bare pluſh, alas! no longer green;
Laments his maſter (doom'd far off to roam,
An exile, for œconomy, from home)
And, as each feature various griefs diſtort,
Regrets the ſad ceſſation of the ſport,
While boys with fearleſs ſhouts around him run,
And at mid day the poacher vaunts his gun—

Perhaps ſome vicar, who, half-craz'd with care,
Recounts the ruin of a thriftleſs heir,
Pointing with ſigns that grief and pity mark,
To his old patron's pale-diſmantled park,
Fell'd trees, where whiſpering airs no longer play,
And diſmal windows that exclude the day;
Where harveſt wak'd the paſtimes of delight
So pure, as ne'er again ſhall charm the ſight,
And dreſt in garb ſo gay was Chriſtmas hoar,
As ſhall relieve his wearied eyes no more;
Unleſs ſuch hoſpitable cheer he ſee
In fond idea——with the Muſe and me! *

* To the deſertion of their country-ſeats, by gentlemen of conſequence, may be traced the greater part of the evils which we lament in every neighbourhood. In Meneage (which includes this pariſh of Manaccan, and ſeveral others) it is truly melancholy to obſerve, from every point of proſpect, the number of old manſion-houſes, or villas, that have fallen into decay, in the courſe of the laſt fifty years. Scarcely a gentleman reſides in the whole peninſula of Meneage. Its inhabitants (*generally ſpeaking*) are all upon an equality. Unaccuſtomed to the preſence of gentlemen, they have gradually loſt their reſpect for rank.—They are governed ſolely by inclination: and what repeated improprieties and occaſional

Yes! the good Knight ſtill triumph'd to impart
His own kind feelings to the mantling heart;

enormities muſt ariſe from the inclinations of unformed minds, may be eaſily conceived. Nor are the inconveniences to which the clergy are ſubjected in ſuch a ſituation, leſs obvious: ſcattered as they are over the different pariſhes, they have abundant reaſon for lamenting their ſolitary, unſupported ſtate. In the mean time, moſt of the proprietors of the good old ſeats (once poſſeſt by men of family as well as fortune) paſs their time in the county-towns, occupied by borough chicanery, and mining projects; while thoſe of higher degree ſpend their winters in London, and their ſummers at ſome dull watering place, or, if they happen to make a viſit of a month or two, to their country-ſeats, introduce into their neighbourhoods, all the vices of the metropolis. And what can be more ſhocking than *toniſh* voluptuouſneſs engrafted upon muliſh ruſticity?—The laſt circumſtance, indeed, is ſcarcely obſervable in the peninſula in which I reſide. Nor in any of theſe particulars would I ſpeak, excluſively, of Meneage.—Other parts of Cornwall, and of England have the ſame cauſe to complain of the abſence of country-gentlemen. And the common-people, there, are equally headſtrong and licentious.—In truth, ſuch is the nature of man, that the multitude, abandoned to "their own hearts deſire," have in all ages, and in all countries, become more and more depraved, till at length they have ſunk into the deepeſt degeneracy. Communities of the vulgar may, perhaps, like "the people of Laiſh, dwell careleſs" for a ſeaſon: but, whilſt "there is no magiſtrate in the land

When, 'midſt the Autumnal or the Winter's feaſt,
He deem'd the ſum of human joy increaſt.

'Twas then, his yellow fields if Ceres bleſs'd,
He welcom'd every cottager his gueſt.
Then, as the buxom damſel, 'midſt the groupe,
To cut the laſt ripe handful 'gan to ſtoop,
With braided flowers her prize prepar'd to deck,
And twiſted to its cuſtom'd form the *neck*; *
As on an † ariſh-mow aſtride, the hind
The handful wav'd triumphant in the wind,

" to put them to ſhame in any thing," they muſt, (like the ſame people) be ultimately reduced to a condition truly deplorable, though they fall not " by the edge of the ſword."

* The cutting of the *neck* (or the *laſt handful* of wheat) is attended with much form in Cornwall.

† The ariſh or wind-mow is, I believe, peculiar to Cornwall, and the weſtern extremities of Devonſhire. The ſheaves both of wheat and barley, immediately as they are bound up, are carried to different parts of the field, and made into regular cones, about twelve feet high. The advantage of this cuſtom is ſufficiently obvious in wet harveſts.

Rehears'd the votive rhymes of ancient fame,
And whirl'd his hat and led the loud acclaim;
With bliſs to Faſhion's tribe unknown, the Knight
Mark'd the fair neck, and hail'd the various rite;
And haſten'd to adjuſt the merry-make,
Wide wicker-baſkets heap'd with harveſt-cake,
And, circling to complete the rich regale,
Briſk cyder cups, and high-froth'd horns of ale!
Then, with a wind-mow fill'd, as groan'd the wain,
Bruſhing the boughs above that arch'd the lane,
Till in the mowhay, to the jocund hind,
Unrop'd its towering burthen it reſign'd;
Where every ruſtic breaſt with ardor heaves
To pitch with dextrous arm the volant ſheaves,
On the broad mow to range the gliſtening row,
And ſhape the ſwelling ſtructure from below;
Sir HUMPHREY, ſtill with buoyant ſpirits light,
Snuff'd pleaſant ſteams exhaling from the height
Of cate Danmonian deem'd—the huge ſquab-pye—
(In which Devonian cooks with Corniſh vie)
And bade his ale, again o'erflowing, foam,
To ſpeak the peerleſs joys of harveſt-home.

And now, what time the groaning corn-mows aſk
From the ſtout threſher his laborious taſk;
What time the caſked cyder's racy rows
In the long cellar, * three times rackt, repoſe;
When now was ſafe depoſited the hoard,
Of mild § *Treledras* that his orchard ſtor'd,
And many an apple criſp, of Corniſh fame, †
But chief a pippin of the Knight's own name,
(And well, indeed, 'twas deem'd Sir HUMPHREY'S own,
Since on *Andarton*-grounds it grew, alone)
Sir HUMPHREY'S faithful tenants, one and all,
Were ſummon'd to the feſtal-ſounding hall—

* But the farmers, in general, rack their cyder once only. Hence (as well as from crude fruit) the harſhneſs and unwholeſomeneſs of the Corniſh cyder.

§ The *Treledra*, or *Borlaſe's* pippin, ſo called from its having been firſt produced at *Treledra*, an eſtate (if I am not miſtaken) of the late Dr. Borlaſe the hiſtorian.

† We have a great variety of apples in this county——a greater indeed (as a Herefordſhire gentleman informed me) than in any other part of England. Of the quality of our apples, however, we cannot boaſt.

Tenants, who covet no enormous farms,
Untempted by the crowd-alluring charms
Of faſhion to forſake their ſimple line
And barter their own brewing for the vine;
Whoſe homely ſpouſes rear a ruddy breed,
'Mid *cob*-rais'd walls, beneath low roofs of *reed*,
Sand, from old mumblers ſafe, their lime-aſht floors,
As guardian horſeſhoes glimmer at their doors,
On their clean hearths around their kettles raiſe,
To bake their barley cones, the turfy blaze,
Note their prolific hens that lay or cluck,
And, where no ſtoats the § numerous eggs may ſuck,
Set in warm ‡ wood-nooks their capacious neſts,
While prouder gamecocks ſtrut with purple creſts.

The Knight, in truth, no frippery would admit,
And roughneſs only deem'd for farming fit.

§ This is an article of ſome conſequence on a ſmall farm.

‡ The hen's neſt is generally to be found in the wood corner.

Oft would he tell them, an eſtate to let,
How he had put a raſcal on the fret.
" Once, when I advertis'd Calurrick-Cove,
" That puny-looking fellow, nam'd Nangrove,
" With air important for the farm applied:
' Shew me thy hand, my friend'—I ſhrewdly
" cried—
' My hand, Sir!'—' Yes, thy hand'—the puppy
" ſtar'd;
" His hand like other Chriſtian hands declar'd,
" Yet, conſcious of its whiteneſs, ſtretch'd it out—
' Humph, neighbour! Prithee, what art thou
' about?
' What! ſuch a fine-bred gentleman as thou,
' With ruſtics condeſcend to hold the plough?
' I like a hand that's rough—not ſoft as thine—
' I love the marks of labor in each line!'—
" Ah! when the farmer's hand is white as milk,
" And his pert daughter goes attir'd in ſilk,
" No wonder, that the hireling tribe complain
" Of ſcanty wages and the price of grain.

" At home, your freakiſh females may be cufft,
" And in the market, pois'd on panniers ſtuft
" With eggs and chicken, may attention draw
" To patience—induſtry without a flaw:
" Yet quick their golden eggs the girls tranſmute
" To ribbons that their ſweet complexions ſuit,
" And all the profit of their poultry loſe
" In the ſharp points of red † morocco ſhoes!
" See farmer Dotſon's maid, beſide the croft,
" Her ſet of Sunday-words, how ſmooth and ſoft,
" As if the nymph diſdain'd all vulgar chat!
" How fine the † feather of her beaver-hat!
" Say, will the minx her fingers ſoil with yarn,
" Or deign to winnow at her father's barn?
" No—no—beware, my ſtriplings! nor believe,
" That ſuch a ſlut will ſtoop to lift a ſieve!"

† † It will ſcarcely be believed, that in this corner of the world, red morocco ſhoes and feathers are worn by farmers daughters: but it is a fact—though I own, I am acquainted with only three inſtances of it.

Attacht to farming, on its ancient plan,
Sir HUMPHREY brook'd not a reforming man.
" Still to the good old Corniſh cuſtoms true,
" Be mine no late inventions to purſue.
" No hurdles to divide a waſte of fields,
" Shall here exclude the ſhade the hedge-row yields;
" No ha-ha pitfals on *Andarton* yawn,
" But its ſnug fences guard the ſhelter'd lawn;
" From weſtern winds the kine or ſheep protect,
" From blight the grounds with corn or clover
" deckt,
" From Summer-ſuns afford a pleaſing ſcreen,
" And with their berried elder, hazel green,
" Willows or elms, or flowers of vermeil dye,
" A ſtore of fragrance and of food ſupply.
" Meantime, to introduce the large eaſt-breed
" To Corniſh paſtures, were abſurd indeed!
" Yet in that breed of ſheep, is well-nigh loſt
" Our ſmall ſweet mutton once the Corniſh boaſt.
" And, ſillier than to rear thoſe bulky ſheep,
" I hold, in land ſo ſhallow, ploughing deep.

" Beſides, what gain (provok'd Sir HUMPHREY
" cries)
" Reap * forthy farmers, cocker'd by a prize?
" See Hodge hard by, how idle and how vain!
" Lo, 'twas the ploughing-match that turn'd his
" brain:
" To earn his bread at home, no more his care,
" He vaunts his matchleſs ſkill at every fair."

Thus, to the uſage of his fathers juſt,
Each new pretenſion as the Knight diſcuſs'd,
He bade his tenants the plain path purſue,
And pay the homage deem'd to cuſtom due;
Their betters with a willing awe reſpect,
Nor at the ſtated times their rents neglect;
But chief, deſpiſing innovation, aim
For their own lords to guard the ſacred game,
And rouſe not (their own conies free to bolt)
Rapacious Reynard from his ſecret holt.

* " *Forthy*" very commonly uſed in Cornwall, for " *forward*."

" For ſoon (as now the day of annual mirth
" Draws near) my terriers ſhall the fox unearth,
" And bid the rogue—of geeſe, I own, too fond—
" If he eſcape the hounds, far off abſcond."

What tho' no more his hounds, a ſcentleſs crew,
Bruſh'd with their lagging ears, as erſt, the dew,
Still would the Knight, in honor of the place,
Awaken Reynard, at his annual chace;
Recruited, as he mourn'd the diſmal lack
Of concord, from his neighbour's doughty pack.
Yet, if the " gallant chiding " of the dale
In feeble murmurs languiſh'd on the gale;
Yet, if, the hounds at fault, the muſic died,
Thy potent lungs, O CHARLES, the pauſe ſupplied.

But the good Knight, as freſh his ardor glow'd,
The glory of the day to NEVILLE ow'd;
Oft as he view'd his nephew, mounting, ſmack
The imperious whip, and hover o'er the back
Of lagging hounds—of horſes out of breath,
And hail'd him inſtant at the clamorous death,

Or ſaw him all his field-aſſociates join,
To pay due honors to the rich ſirloin,
Or mark'd, ſuperior to the yahoo-claſs
His genius kindle o'er the circling glaſs.
Yes! liberal NEVILLE, tho' he lov'd the chace,
And o'er the bowl would all its windings trace,
Smite the wheel'd covey with unerring aim,
And on a Shrovetide-cock whole hours declaim—
NEVILLE, ſuperior to the yahookind,
Poſſeſs'd the graces of a poliſht mind—
A fervid ſoul, which bade his feelings cloſe
Around his friends, but execrate his foes,
Which, with a conſcious dignity, deſpis'd
The ſniveling, the low-thoughted tribe, and priz'd
The hereditary ſpirit of his ſires,
How ſunk amidſt a race of mining 'ſquires! *

* On one of this race, the following lines were written, a few years ſince. The perſonage in queſtion, bear as he is, from his poſſeſſions is more than doubly qualified to repreſent the county.

In the gay circle of convival cheer,
Blithe Chriſtmas came, with chaplets never ſear.
How beam'd delight, in every eye, unblam'd,
When at that hallow'd eve for carols fam'd,

THE YOUNG SQUIRE. A Song.

I AM a youth, juſt turn'd eighteen,
And wants to change my life:
So from the girls that I have ſeen,
I means to take a wife.
Then a courting I will go, &c. &c.

To Honey-dale, by goſh, I'll ride,
And Betſy, Poll, or Joyce,
Or Agnes ſweet I'll make a bride,
A very comely choice.
Then a courting, &c. &c.

'Tis true my fortune is but ſmale,
As vather is but poor;
But then the girls of Honey-dale
Have money, vath, in ſtore.
Then a courting, &c. &c.

Come, Rabin, fatch my Sunday's coat,
And mak'en ſhine with ale;
And tye my nackin round my droat,
And, likewiſe, tye my tail.
Then a courting, &c. &c.

The greenwood towering o'er the heapy turves,
Firſt fum'd and crackled in elaſtic curves;
When brightly blaz'd the ſap-beſprinkled aſh,
And gliſtening holly danc'd with many a flaſh,
And, every vulgar fire deſign'd to mock,
Repos'd in ſombrous ſtate the * Chriſtmas-ſtock.
Alas! uprooted in the tempeſt's roar,
And hewn in ſunder to its hollow core,
Andarton's oldeſt oak the flame attacks—
For ages yet it 'ſcap'd the foreſt-axe!
Rais'd high amid the turf, the kindled ſprays,
It bids awhile defiance to the blaze;

Then, Rabin, fatch the young grey nag;
For I will not be idle;
And on the ſaddle clap the ſhag,
And fatch the flam-new bridle.
Then a courting, &c. &c.

I thinks I'm now a handſome youth:
My ſpirits up I'll pluck—
So, vather, ſpit into my mouth,
And wiſh your zon good luck.
Then a courting, &c. &c.

* Called, in the north of England, the Yule-block.

And, tho' it redden deep, preſerves its claim
Twelve days and twelve long nights to feed the flame.

All, on a ſettle ſmooth'd by various bums,
Sat (in ſuch order as a faſt becomes,)
The labourers mingled with the menial tribe,
Yet look'd as if replete with many a gibe;
While each, with cake of ſaffron (currant-ſown,
And ſo enticing from its Chriſtmas-crown)
Broke not, nor wiſh'd to break the tempting creſt
Ere the huge ſtock its due libation bleſs'd.

The rites now paid, their pipes they clear'd, to chime
The current carols of unletter'd rhyme;
Or told appropriate tales with gameſome glee—
" How once an † owlet from the Chriſtmas-tree
(Such as, perhaps, now glow'd amid the blaze)
Flew with ſcorcht pinions to the wondering gaze;
Or, how a † cuckoo ſcar'd the circling throng,
As a new warmth reviv'd her April ſong.

† † Theſe are actually facts: they both happened not many years ago on this peninſula.

With box and myrtle ſprig'd, and leav'd with bay,
The windows were adorn'd to meet the day,
When, as the merry bells announc'd the dawn,
Soft ſymphonies came wafted o'er the lawn;
And, honour'd by a peal, the pariſh-feaſt
Perchance, by its peculiar rites increas'd
The general joy, and round the church-town drew
Alike the thrifty train, the careleſs crew,—
From day to day each appetite amus'd,
And o'er the farms its alehouſe mirth diffus'd—
Adapted the wild dance to various tunes
From crazy * *crowds*, or Jews-harps, or baſſoons,
(When "kiſs-her-ſweet" the fidlers archly play'd,
And the quaint ſummons every ſwain obey'd—)
And rous'd to emulation all the clowns
Or at the tower, the green, or open downs;
If ſtill the † intenſe deſire of praiſe attach
Each rival pariſh to the ringing-match;

* *Crowd.* A fiddle, a violin.

† Laudumque immenſa cupido. VIRGIL.

Or, (as a leſs impetuous ſpirit hails
A band of ſtriplings to the town of kailes)
If ancient ardor in the athletic game
Bid Cornwall pant again for Grecia's fame,
And to the extenſive heath the hurlers call
To deal, to bear away the mottoed ball; *
Till now, no more with ſtomachs to carouſe,
Some crown'd with hats, and ſome, with ſilver † cows,
Some ſmarting from the bruiſe, the broken ſhin,
Others, perhaps, eſcaping in whole ſkin,
The revel with one general yawn they cloſe,
And ſeek their homes, impatient of repoſe.

But the new year brought ever to the Knight
Its § "happy" hour with feſtal glory bright.

* The manner in which the game is played, is pretty generally known: but hurling is almoſt extinct in Cornwall.

† Gold-laced hats, ſilver cows, &c. propoſed as prizes to the wreſtlers, &c.

§ The old wiſh—"a happy new year"—is almoſt forgotten.

Then, ere faint ſunbeams colour'd the night ſhade,
The laughing Fayes have oft their frolics play'd:
Then Oberon, pinching black and blue, the wench
Who quits, unrubb'd, her oaken board or bench,
Rakes not her embers, and half-ſands her floor,
And leaves her idle broom behind the door,
Would drop, the tidy houſewife to amuſe,
Freſh from the mint, a penny in her ſhoes:
(Perhaps in RACHEL's ſhoe worn bare, but nice,
Some Corniſh token of an odd device)
And full of ſtrange vagaries, wanton Puck
Would haſten to Miſs PRUE, her breath to ſuck,
In icy numbneſs creep her members o'er,
In perſpiration ooze at every pore,
Set on her hams the gaſping maiden ſquat,
And leap from off the ſacking, a ram-cat!

'Twas on this day, the villagers in flocks
Caught fine effluvia from the roaſted ox,
With ſtomachs haply not inclin'd to dwell
With perfect ſatisfaction on the ſmell;

Whilſt, open to each voluntary gueſt,
The laurel'd hall to many a mouth addreſs'd
Productions rich with dextrous art diſpos'd,
Among the reſt, mince-pyes, how neatly ros'd!

Towering o'er all, the imperial * diſh appear'd
On the long-groaning table as it rear'd
(Delicious to polite or vulgar guſt)
In brown magnificence its walls of cruſt.
Within, what various cates promiſcuous lurk,
Geeſe ſtuff'd with tongue, and turkeys cram'd with pork,
And hares and hams embracing and embrac'd,
High-ſeaſon'd to ſolicit every taſte!
So proud, in each opinion to outvie
The mighty Trojan horſe, aſpir'd the pye,
And drew from all, or delicate or coarſe,
Praiſe never boaſted by the Trojan horſe!

Hah! 'mid that monſter ſkulk'd the foes of Troy,
The inſidious Greeks in ambuſh to deſtroy;

* The ſtanding Chriſtmas pye.

Ere-long deſcending from its wooden womb
To ſpeed the vengeful torch from dome to dome,
But, darkly-leagued, the citadel ſurprize
Ere yet the extenſive flame involv'd the ſkies.
So may, perhaps, thoſe cates in ambuſcade
The unweeting ſtomach with like power invade,
To the parcht liver treacherous fire impart,
And ſteal upon that citadel, the heart!

A maſſy bowl, to deck the jovial day,
Flaſh'd from its ample round a ſun-like ray,
But, from a deeper gilding wont to beam,
On its worn rim betray'd a ſilver gleam—
A long-tranſmitted bowl that, high-emboſt,
And with quaint figures aſtrologic croſt,
More prominent the *Andarton* arms diſplay'd,
To throw the inferior ſymbols into ſhade.

Full many a century it ſhone forth, to grace
The feſtive ſpirit of the *Andarton*-race,
As, to the ſons of ſacred union dear,
It welcom'd with lambſwool the riſing year.

But chief, around his table, Twelfth-day drew
The neighbours of the Knight, a ſocial few;
Cornubian couſins, all alert to pay
A heart-felt homage to his natal day.

Lo, for the laſt few years diſpos'd to wear
On this peculiar day the gloom of care,
(As roſe the morn) half-ſerious, half-in-joke,
Sir HUMPHREY hail'd his coetaneous oak.
" Each year (the Knight would cry) each year I ſee
" Thy ſtem that argues a more vigorous tree;
" Whilſt I, my brother, am grown old and ſhrunk,
" Full ſoon to wither, a poor ſapleſs trunk!"
But quick his open forehead from the eclipſe
Emerg'd, as ſqueezing hands and ſmacking lips,
He ſmil'd on every neighbour from the heart,
Not with the hollowneſs of modiſh art;
And ſtoutly pull'd—familiar talk afloat—
His kinſman by the buttons of the coat;
And, tucking up his napkin 'neath his chin,
Bade his kind friends the genial rites begin;

And, ere too heavily the ſpirit griev'd,
With mild October all his woes reliev'd.

At ſuch an hour, the Fayes would never fail
With juice nectareous to dilute his ale,
And, waving ſoft their roſy wings, controul
The ſparkling effervescence of the bowl!

Nor ſooner, at its chill and tranſient cloſe,
Had evening ting'd a dreary waſte of ſnows,
Than from the great plumb-cake whoſe charms entice
Each melting mouth, was dealt the luſcious ſlice;
As all the painted tapers in array
Flung round the jovial room a mimic day,
To wake to wonted ſports the fancy wild,
Where, e'en the greybeard re-aſſum'd the child.

Yes! all—the gay, the ſerious—prompt to ſhare
The merry paſtime, cried—avaunt to care!
All—while each ſlip a forfeit would incur,
(A ſlip that hardly left a laſting ſtur!)

With the ſame ardor as when childhood dawns,
Survey'd the accumulating ſtore of pawns;
And all enjoy'd, with eyes that rapture beam'd,
The frolic penance that each pawn redeem'd—
Perhaps, ſelf-doom'd to ply the gipſey's trade,
Or thro' the gridiron kiſs the kitchen-maid,
Or, by a gentle metaphoric trick,
With cleaner lips ſalute the candleſtick,
Or catch the eluſive apple with a bound
As with its taper it flew whizzing round,
Or, with the mouth, half-diving to the neck,
" The ſplendid ſhilling" in a meal-tub ſeek,
Or, into wildneſs as the ſpirits work,
Diſplay a viſage blacken'd o'er with cork.

Meantime, the * geeſe-dance gains upon the ſight,
In all the pride of mimic ſplendor bright;

* *Geeſe*-dance, i. e. *guiſe* or *diſguiſe*-dance—for ſo the Corniſh pronounce *guiſe*.

The *Geeſe-dancers* of Cornwall anſwer to the *mummers* of Devon, and the *morrice-dancers* of Oxfordſhire, &c.

As urchin bands diſplay the pageant ſhow,
In tinſel glitter, and in ribbons glow;
And pigmy kings with carnage ſtain their path,
Shake their cock-plumes, and lift their ſwords of lath; *
And great St. George ſtruts, valorous, o'er the plain,
Deck'd with the trophies ‡ of the dragon ſlain,
And in a ſpeech, the ſtouteſt hearts to daunt,
Paints the dread conflict, at the monſter's haunt;
And, thick where ſhiver'd lances ſtrew the ground,
A champion falls, transfixt by many a wound,
But ſudden, by the necromantic trump
Awaken'd, ſits erect upon his rump;
And little dames their favouring ſmiles beſtow,
And "father Chriſtmas" bows his head of ſnow!

* As the verſes repeated in the geeſe-dance contain an alluſion to the cruſades, the following couplet was firſt written:

"And pigmy kings, by Paynim ſabres gor'd,
"Shake the light plume, and glance the mimic ſword."

‡ Spoliis indutus opimis.

And now the Knight, who only tun'd his tongue
On Twelfth-day, would prepare his piteous ſong—
Would chaunt his favourite ditty, Hoſier's ghoſt,
Deep in the maze of doleful muſic loſt;
Or act, once more, Giles Collins, with a face
That ſhew'd variety of ſad grimace,
While all the ſocial groupe were proud to tell,
That his white handkerchief he manag'd well!

So paſs'd, amid *Andarton's* ſilent bower,
Far from the world, the calm domeſtic hour.

Much to the public ſtill Sir HUMPHREY owed:
And, as his heart benevolently flow'd
To patriot zeal, he paid the willing debt;
Whether, at church, as Sunday came, he ſet
A ſtrict example to the vulgar train;
Or, legal order anxious to maintain,
Settled, an honeſt juſtice-of-the-peace,
Parochial forms, and bade contention ceaſe.

Soon as the ſabbath-morn began to break,
Sir HUMPHREY would a diſmal air beſpeak;
And teach his houſehold thro' the day to wear,
However borrow'd, the ſame diſmal air.
Yet, as inſtructed ſome miſhap to rue,
Tho' thus they ſtrove together to look blue,
And RACHEL deck'd her viſage with a gloom †
That ſeem'd to indicate the day of doom;
Miſs PRUE, her ceremonies flung aſide,
A tribute to her independent pride,
Took up a window-novel, degagee,
And winc'd, and lolling preſt the ſoft ſettee;
Wonder'd how folks could indolently ſearch
For poor amuſement in a cold damp church;
And, as her ſire began to talk of ſin,
Flew to her monkey with a ſiſter-grin.

† An air of ſerioufneſs, very frequent in regular families of the laſt age. There is one family (and one only, with which I am acquainted) that ſtill preſerves it.

When ſlow approach'd the ſolemn hour of pray'r,
The Knight would order out a ſorrel mare
At the fat manger all the week amus'd,
And ſeldom but on Summer ſundays us'd;
Unleſs, perchance, the ſeſſions, to ſuſtain
Meet pomp, requir'd her flowing pride of mane.

Duly, as every ſabbath-ſun appears,
With keen fore-knowlege, ſhe pricks up her ears;
Then, clad in purple houſing, ſo ſuperb,
Boaſts her ſleek ſides, curvetting to the curb;
And, tho' ſhe paw, impatient with her tail
To ſweep the ſhadows of the hoof-worn dale,
To each gambado her good maſter wooes
With gentle promiſe to protect his ſhoes,
And let his little golden buckles play
O'er the clear varniſh with unſullied ray.

Scarce from his church remov'd a Ruſſian mile,
The Knight was ſtrenuous to proceed in ſtile.

When tempeſt brooded in the gleaming ſky,
His coach appear'd in hoary majeſty;
Ready, amidſt the reverence of the throng,
To bear the Knight in cumb'rous ſtate along—
A * coach that well the gazing eye might draw,
The firſt, it ſeems, that Cornwall ever ſaw;
That, form'd of ages to ſupport the ſiege,
Could boaſt a bulky body, to oblige
A family of twelve, with room enough—
Not like the vehicle, of brittle ſtuff,
That juſt vouchſafes aſſiſtance to a few;
Tho', as a gaudy pageant to the view,
It vaunts its ſilk-accommodations ſoft,
And glides with eaſy motion hung aloft.

And ſoon thy ſteeds, Sir HUMPHREY! generous blacks,
With many a grey hair ſilvering o'er their backs,
Each * half a century of labor paſt,
Muſt beg the privilege to breathe their laſt.

* * The old coach and horſes are true copies from their Corniſh originals.

As now Sir HUMPHREY reach'd the church-ſtile
ſhed,
Each peaſant *doff'd* his hat and dip'd his head:
And, onward as with ſtatelier ſtep he trod,
The ruſtics hail'd him with one general nod;
While maids in curtſies meet obeiſance meant,
And ſcatter'd bluſhes with one ſoft aſſent.

And, lo! the frowning twain with painted poles,
Thoſe ſtern compellers of backſliding ſouls,
Their coming maſter in the porch await;
Prepar'd to drag to day, or ſoon or late,
The ſoaking tribe, whom only canns of gin
And Nantz more potent to devotion win.

Sir HUMPHREY, bowing, pac'd the crouded
aiſle,
And to the ſmiling curate glanc'd a ſmile;
When now his ſhort thick form from every pew
The homage of an awed attention drew—

(A form, tho' corpulent, yet not obeſe
With bulky paunch ſtill threat'ning to increaſe)
When his large eye-brows that his eyes o'erhung,
Dark on his Roman noſe their ſhadows flung;
As age with furrowing lines began to break
The ruddy fullneſs of his healthful cheek;
Tho' candor cloth'd his open forehead high,
And mild good nature grac'd his hazel eye.

Amid the varying ſervice, he diſplay'd
The enthuſiaſt's ardor, if the curate pray'd:
Indeed, ſuch fervid zeal Sir HUMPHREY felt,
He ſtood himſelf, to ſee that others knelt;
And look'd, as if his eyes, as erſt, were keen,
On many an aunt the pillar'd rows between;
And often caſt a furtive glance aſlant,
(Wandering, I trow, from uncle and from aunt)
To ſteal devotion from ſome pious girl,
The while his watch-chain much diſpos'd to twirl,

Yet, haply, from the nymph's † confuſion ſtole
Few aſpirations of the heaven-fraught ſoul;
And, ſtarting from the unholy reverie,
Dropp'd, half a penitent, on one poor knee;
Or, as a cloak his feelings to diſguiſe,
(Too prominent, perhaps, to curious eyes)
Roſe, with his arms a-kimbo, more erect,
If ruſtic leer'd, requiring to be checkt.

But ever to his own receſs, his view
Each vagrant fancy paſt, the Knight withdrew;
Then, on pale monuments his eye repos'd,
Fix'd his calm thought on beavers half unclos'd,
As high o'ercanopied cold figures lay;
On ſhapes that bent the knees of ſtone to pray;
His glance now upwards to the banners flung,
While o'er his head the heavy gauntlet hung;

† Such is the inconſiſtency of man! what can be more difficult than to reſtrain a wandering fancy?

Now ſeem'd to ſhiver down the ſteps that led
To all the charnel horrors of the dead,
And, as along the vault reflection ran,
Mourn'd, with moiſt eye, the tranſient pride of man.

Meantime the curate, with a modeſt port,
Had gain'd the roſtrum, ready to exhort,
Perhaps on ſome freſh outrage to declaim,
And ſpread on conſcious cheeks the bluſh of ſhame.
Certain it is, he oft diſpens'd advice
Seaſon'd with much vituperative ſpice,
Nor ſeldom to the gentler feelings ſpoke,
And touch'd the boſom by a tender ſtroke.
Yet, whether to a high cenſorial pitch
He rais'd his voice in declamation rich,
Or drew, by all the meltingneſs of tone,
From careleſs youth a ſigh, from age a groan;
The Knight reports, he rarely was ſo rude
As on the hour of dinner to intrude,
But in good ſeaſon, with a decent grace,
Reſign'd the preacher's for the chaplain's place:

Indeed, one buſtling ſabbath, 'tis confeſt,
Againſt the lord of eating he tranſgreſs'd;
When, as the Knight was ſtrenuous to enroll
A crowd of tenants for the election-poll,
The curate ſeiz'd the occaſion to declaim
(Smit with a genuine apoſtolic flame)
On upſtart arrogance, on ancient worth,
On nabobs, miners, merchants, and ſo forth,
In ſhort, on each pretenſion to the ſhire,
To all the voters——that had * ears to hear—
Which, certes, in good part Sir HUMPHREY took,
Tho' ſomewhat out of patience was the cook.

But when the prieſt the ſmoaking board had bleſt,
He verily ſat down, a willing gueſt;
Nor ſlighted the plumb-pudding's ready boon,
Nor drop'd a hint of evening-prayer too ſoon.

* This may ſuggeſt, perhaps, to ſome people converſant in ſcot and lot boroughs, an idea of the pillory. But no ſuch inſinuation can be intended in the caſe of a county-election.

Oft, ere he yet forſook the rubied glaſs,
Pale Winter glimmer'd thro' its cloud of braſs;
When, as the twilight-ſhades to brood began,
A curious heat the clerk and curate ran—
Each ſeiz'd by turns with moſt prodigious qualms,
While, blinking both, they gallop'd o'er the Pſalms:
And, tho' the clerk, his balance well-nigh loſt,
For fright was ready to give up the ghoſt,
Still, in a panic, the poor panting lout
Was forc'd to take as troubleſome a rout,
And with his paſtor at the Leſſons vie,
As, groping, they eſſay'd to ride and tie. †
Thus often, to oblige the worthy Knight,
The curate blunder'd on, for want of light.

Yet was young HERBERT not of ſupple mind,
Tho', as Sir HUMPHREY lik'd, he preach'd or din'd—

† The clerk, having diſpatched the firſt leſſon, ſits down out of breath; when up gets the parſon, who as rapidly runs over the ſecond. I have, myſelf, been a witneſs to an exhibition of this ſort, very late in a winter-evening.

Tho' by no prejudic'd opinion ſteel'd,
His own ideas he was wont to yield
In many a theoretic point, and bend
In trivial forms, obedient to his friend.

Still HERBERT, by no ſervile intereſt ſway'd,
With unaffected zeal or preach'd or pray'd.

Not ſo the rector; whom, e'en once a year,
Sir HUMPHREY grudg'd the hoſpitable cheer;
Who, as with courtly countenance he cring'd,
The Knight's aſſum'd civilities unhing'd.
" Tho' cheerfully I conſecrate a gooſe,
" (Spite of *her* cackling) to the curate's uſe,
" And (ſiſter grunting now) devote a pig;
" Yet to that prieſt, with oſtentation big,
" Who, a proud prebend, once a year, ſalutes
" His poor pariſhioners, the Corniſh brutes,
" I pay my compoſition with ill grace,
" And make, at every ſhilling, a wry face.
" 'Zooks! he's a paſtor only fit for PRUE
" Who bridling up, as SWELLUM ſtruts in view,

" Curtſies, and ſpreads her fan, and talks with
" eaſe
" Of lords and ladies, and ſuch-like grandees.
" The doctor, ſly in looks and ſmooth in words,
" Deſcribes his fine plantations nigh my lord's,
" His gateway, and his ſerpentizing rill,
" Whoſe ſilver ſhines beneath the hollied hill.
" But, if one word poor HERBERT interpoſe,
" He ſtares, and raiſing more erect his noſe,
" A ſyllable in anſwer deems enough,
" Unleſs on poetry and Cambridge-ſtuff;
" When, as his creſt the impatient curate rears
" Gaſping with eagerneſs, the rector ſneers!—
" Who, who can draw his purſe-ſtrings, nothing
" loath,
" For doctors of the ton that ſlight the cloth?
" Indeed, 'tis lucky, that, of ancient date
" I plead a modus on my own eſtate."

At every innovation prompt to ſpurn,
His law of modus he deriv'd—from Burn:

And Burn he ſtudied with inceſſant pains
Till now his failing eyeſight ſav'd his brains.

So qualified, the Knight would ſally forth,
A juſtice of the peace * of mickle worth;
His knowlege of the laws, each Woden's day,
To brethren of the quorum to diſplay;
Snug at the Grey-gooſe all diſputes compoſe,
And with his grave companions dine or doze.

Indeed, a juſtice right ſevere he was,
Tho' often gentle to the tripping laſs,

* I have already obſerved that, now-a-days, gentlemen of the firſt diſtinction do not, uſually, reſide in the country. This being the caſe, the functions of a magiſtrate are diſcharged by ſome, who from the obſcurity of their families, and their own *temporary* aggrandiſement, cannot poſſibly have much weight in their reſpective neighbourhoods, and who, from a defective education, muſt neceſſarily be wanting in abilities. In this obſervation, I am ſo far from being perſonal, that I would by no means apply it to Cornwall, or any other county in particular; ſuggeſted as it is, by a view of rural manners in England, and of the more prominent characters in country-places.

And to her Lubin too, whoſe gameſome mood
Sprung from an efferveſcence of the blood:
But if, ſuſpected of a wire or meſh,
The lout ſet forth the frailneſs of the fleſh;
The notion of an outrag'd bird or hare
Scatter'd, alas! the poor excuſe in air.
Yes! no apology on earth could bribe
His juſtice ſtern to all the poaching-tribe,
And threatening with a moſt avenging ſtorm
The wretch, who ventur'd to diſturb—a form! †

† The ſeat of a hare. The following paſſage from Judge Blackſtone, relative to the game-laws, deſerves conſideration. "Though the foreſt laws are now mitigated, and by degrees "grown obſolete, yet from this root has ſprung up a baſtard-"ſlip, known by the name of the game-law, now wantoning "in its higheſt vigor, both founded upon the ſame unreaſon-"able notion of permanent property in wild creatures, and "both productive of the ſame tyranny to the commons—but "with this difference: that whereas the foreſt laws eſtabliſhed "only one mighty hunter throughout the land, the game-laws "have raiſed a little Nimrod in every manor. And, in one "reſpect, the ancient law was much leſs unreaſonable than "the modern: for the king's grantee of a chace or free-warren "might kill game in every part of his franchiſe. But now, "though a freeholder of leſs than one hundred a year is for-

Such trivial zeal from rude retirement ſprings,
And to the life of 'ſquires too cloſely clings. §

Nor had Sir HUMPHREY from his mind detach'd
Thoſe creeds that, in the obſcurer hamlet hatcht,
Soon as abroad on drowſy wings they fly,
Amid the world's keen ether droop and die!

By ſuperſtition ting'd, each village witch
He arm'd, in fond idea, with a ſwitch—

" bidden to kill a partridge on his own eſtate, yet nobody elſe
" (not even the lord of the manor, unleſs he hath a grant of
" free warren) can do it without committing a treſpaſs, and
" ſubjecting himſelf to an action."

§ Though it be my intention, on the whole, to vindicate the honor of " *the old Country Gentleman*," conſidering his character (in ſeveral parts of the poem) as contradiſtinguiſht with that of the merchant, the borough-monger, or the nabob; yet I have, every where, endeavoured to repreſent him in his true colors; being convinced that, " with all his imperfections " on his head," he will gain more reſpect from the virtuous and diſcerning, than any of his upſtart neighbours.

On witchcraft tho' he wiſely held his tongue:
Not that he judg'd his old opinions wrong,
But that he felt the force of many a ſcoff,
When, once, he with a mittimus ſent off
Thro' the blind impulſe of wrong-headed rage,
A crone, whoſe only fault, it ſeems, was age;
Yet who, as every cot the fact avows,
Had dried the thriftleſs teats of Colin's cows,
Who gave, ere Autumn's blaſt, the trees to fade,
Nip'd the green herb, and burn'd the ſpringing blade,
Nor ſeldom exercis'd her potent charm,
'Mid crouded hives to check the gathering ſwarm;
Who oft had pal'd the love-ſick damſel's bloom,
And hurried her, a ſhadow, to the tomb;
Who erſt into the world of ſpirits chas'd
A girl not over-modeſt or ſtrait-lac'd,
So bade her die untimely in her ſins,
Her body briſtling with a thouſand pins! *

* In this part of Cornwall the notion of pins working out of the body of a perſon bewitched, ſtill obtains in all its force.

Late, if Sir HUMPHREY wander'd in the dark,
NED JERKAIRS was at hand, his duteous clerk;
And with adroitneſs to the legal way
Would guide his worſhip tho' far gone aſtray,
And, panting with hoarſe eloquence, aver:
" Sir, you have puſh'd ('tis my idea, Sir,
" But I'll conſult my brethren of the bar—)
" Sir, you have puſh'd the matter much too far.
" And, Sir, if you'll excuſe a friend's advice,
(In points of law we cannot be too nice)
" Perhaps, at intervals to caſt your eye
" On volumes that within my office lie—
" *The ſtatutes*, not abridg'd, Sir,—but *at large*,
" Would fit you, your high duty to diſcharge.
" For, tho' a magiſtrate with decent grace
" May fix the mulct in each familiar caſe,
" (The caſe, ſuppoſe, of riot or aſſault)
" Yet juſtices, like hounds, are oft at fault."

Still, with a ſtrange propenſity to ſpout,
To every ſeſſions he renew'd his rout;

Proceeding on his gentle ſorrel, dight
With houſing which he wore when dubb'd a Knight.
And, in the chair, full oft his ſage compeers
He hail'd with ſtrains to tingle in their ears.
Yet, at whatever point he firſt began,
Still on one theme his elocution ran.
The tinners, ever foremoſt to impart
Meet topics for his oratorial art,
By the ſtrong force of oppoſition join'd
Their foes the farmers in his teeming mind.
The farmers, e'er obſequious to his will,
Would riſe in contraſt with the tinners ſtill!
'Twas thus, contented with his 'cuſtom'd round,
Sir HUMPHREY ſeldom tried untrodden ground.
" Alas! tho' greedineſs hath oft (he cries)
" Waylaid our farmers and hoodwink'd their eyes;
" Tho', as their high-flown daughters they indulge,
" In vain the laws of temperance we promulge;
" And tho', a waſteful houſehold to ſuſtain,
" Their pride impels them to exceſſive gain;
" Yet, to no ſhameleſs profligacy bred,
" Still in the footſteps of their ſires they tread;

" In this corrupted age, leſs prone to err—
" More virtuous than the miners, I aver.
" We feel not, brethren, artificial want,
" Tho' this thro' England be the current cant.
" Of wheat, in Cornwall, there's a fearful lack:
" And ſcarcely have I ſeen an unthreſht ſtack.
" That farmers let the mould deſtroy one half,
" And rats voracious turn the reſt to chaff,
" Is but the watch-word of a rebel race
" Who ſuch a ſeaſon of diſtreſs embrace
" To ſpread ſedition, and ſubvert the ſtate,
" And, in one ruin as they whelm the great,
" Themſelves with all the ſpoils of rapine deck,
" And with the ſtain of murder cloſe the wreck.
" Yes! ſince thoſe miſcreants, to degrade the bench,
" From trembling juſtice dar'd her † ſtilliards
" wrench;

† A ſymbol not the moſt elegant: yet it comes with more propriety from a Corniſh knight than from the claſſical Sir Joſhua Reynolds; who, in the great window at New College, Oxford, has repreſented Juſtice with a pair of ſtilliards.

" Like locuſts, have they rag'd in † black'ning
" ſwarms,
" And fill'd us, brethren! with no vain alarms."
Thus would he ſpeak; and * Shennop, at the ſpeech,
Nod ſly aſſent, tho' ſquat upon his breech;
And Treiſe—no ſpecious brother of the cloth,
Who, whether calm, or fir'd with zealous wrath,
From plain uprightneſs not a moment bends,
And deems the friends of truth, alone, his friends,
Whoſe worth, tranſmitted from an ancient race,
Still to his fair eſcutcheon adds a grace,
Who, in ſincerity's own boſom bred,
Joins to the pureſt heart the cleareſt head;
And * *he*——who, form'd the million to attract,
The theoretic point preferr'd to fact,

† The fact is, however, that the Corniſh gentlemen, amidſt the inſurrections of the miners, have conducted themſelves with a coolneſs and activity which reflect honor on their county. To obſerve the due medium between intrepidity and raſhneſs, ſpirited exertion and reſtleſs interference, muſt on ſuch emergencies, be extremely difficult.

* * * The reader muſt accept theſe, merely as imaginary characters, introduced with a view to diverſification. Had I

Who lov'd with ſplendid equipage to blaze,
And to his liveries draw the vulgar gaze.
And * *he*, too, figur'd there, ſo prone to quote
Each new opinion on the world afloat,
And who, as if on earth that moment dropt,
By turns the modiſh maxims would adopt,
And in this only, with himſelf agree,
" That man, tho' now a ſlave, yet once was free."
Weak mortal! wretched is, indeed, thy doom,
As thine eye wanders back o'er all the gloom,
Bewilder'd in the labyrinth of the paſt,
To fall, a feeble Pyrrhoniſt at laſt!
How vain ſuch talents, tho' we judge them bright,
Oppos'd to Reaſon's pure and ſteady light;
To cool diſcernment that directs its rays
Of human conduct thro' the puzzling maze;
To judgment, that the impartial ſurvey guides,
And weighs the various cauſe, and firm decides;

been diſpoſed, indeed, to draw an exceptionable character, it would be difficult to diſcover a ſubject for ſuch a portrait among the gentlemen of Cornwall.

To manly virtue ſcorning ſpecious art,
To pure religion ſeated in the heart;
To reverence for paſt ages that inſpires
A kind attachment to our Britiſh ſires;
With all the manners of the day that pleaſe,
Polite attentions, and exterior eaſe?—
Thus gifted, might approving Collen bow,
And kindred feelings with the Knight avow;
Tho' in a ſtrain of diffidence his own,
With pathos and a more impreſſive tone.

'Twas thus Sir Humphrey's days ſerenely paſt,
But rarely ruffled by a troublous blaſt;
Unleſs when, gathering ſtill, the cloud of care
Betray'd his anxious wiſhes for an heir.

At length his lovely wife began to deem
The idea of a ſon no empty dream;
As her pincht noſe with many a watery qualm
Offer'd her liquoriſh lord a cordial balm.

And now the Knight alternate fears and hopes
Indulg'd in ſilence or expreſs'd in tropes;
Aſſum'd amidſt his friends a ſtrict reſerve;
Shrunk from a ſmile with irritable nerve;
And ſmother'd up his jokes of every ſort,
In dread of lips too ready to retort.

Old RACHEL, too, from other cares detacht,
Each ſymptom with a ſharper viſage watch'd;
Mark'd every longing with myſterious look,
And puzzled with chimeric cates the cook;
Now the ſick fair with trembling hands unlac'd,
And now with rapture eye'd the rounded waiſt.

And, lo! pale expectation hover'd nigh;
And the houſe witneſs'd one convulſive ſigh.
Say who, remote from marriage-ſcenes, could gueſs
At ſuch an hour the huſband's wild diſtreſs;
Shivering at every pin that chanc'd to drop,
For quick relief beſeeching Doctor Slop?

Ah! who could tell, how ſtrong the emotion roſe
In the Knight's boſom, at his HARRIET's throes?
Or, who could paint Sir HUMPHREY bliſs-begone,
When RACHEL, with a ſcream, announc'd——
a SON?
Joy ran electric thro' the dancing dome;
And all was tranſport——but the monkey-room!

Sunk on her pillow as his HARRIET lay,
Her eye-laſh veiling each effulgent ray,
Her lily-hand ſo tremulouſly-weak,
A lovely bluſh faſt-mounting to her cheek—
Scarce had the Knight his fingers ſnapt for joy,
Preſs'd her pale lip, and kiſs'd the bouncing boy,
Ere to his aſtrologic books he flew;
The horoſcope with nice preciſion drew;
And on the hereditary vellum-page
(In cedar cas'd but tawny-ting'd from age)
Enter'd, with all his grandſire Roger's care,
The moment of the birth, the natal ſtar—

Enrich'd with myſtic figures quaint and dark,
And many a ſage, and many a ſhrewd remark;
While to his penetrating eye appears
The color of his ALLAN's future years!

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